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The Digest

EVIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating

The Literary Digest

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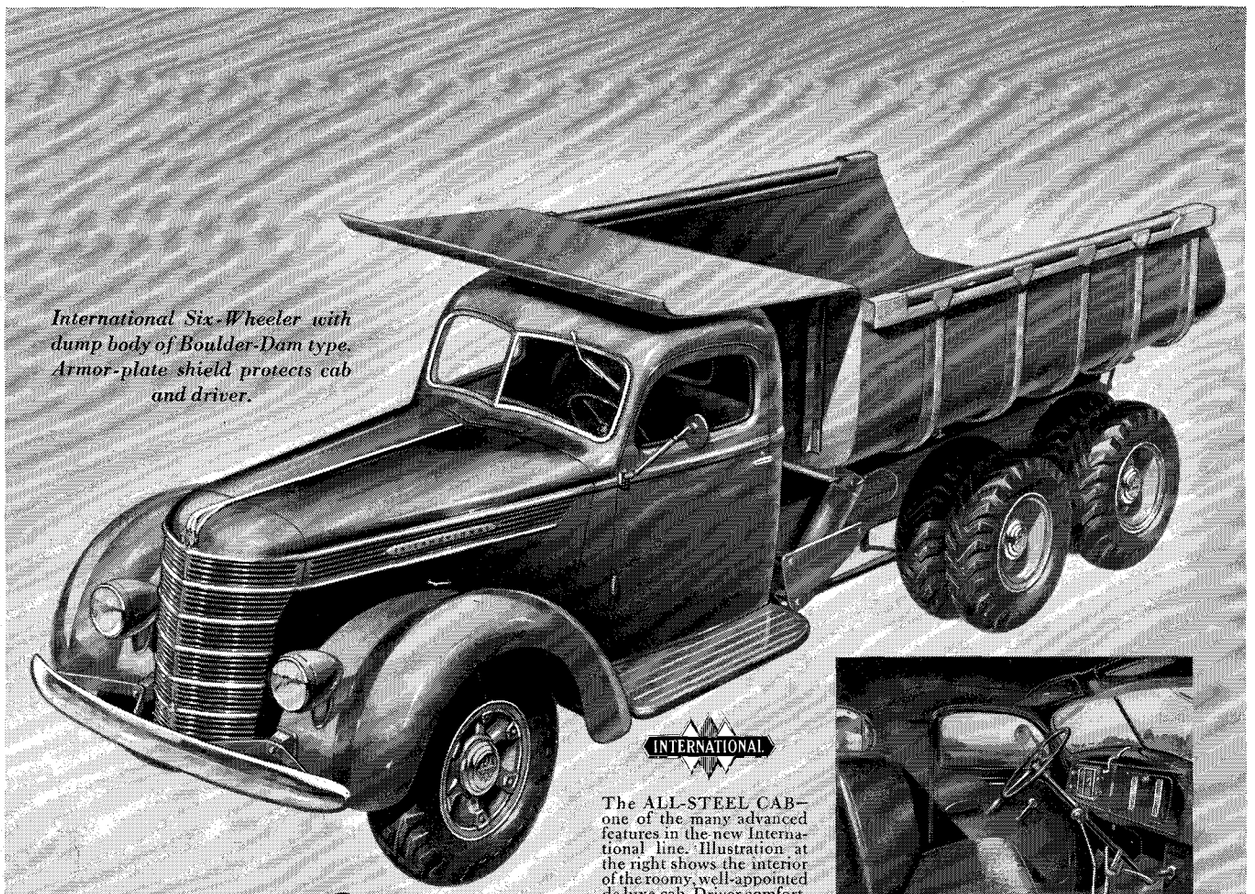

International Six-Wheeler with dump body of Boulder-Dam type. Armor-plate shield protects cab and driver.

The ALL-STEEL CAB—one of the many advanced features in the new International line. Illustration at the right shows the interior of the roomy, well-appointed de luxe cab. Driver comfort, clear vision, and safety are assured in every International model, Half-Ton up.

THE *New* INTERNATIONALS

Heavy-duty champion of the truck world at the top of his form—another of the new International Trucks, a powerful six-wheeler shown with armored dump body.

International Harvester presents to users of trucks the latest and finest products of its automotive plants—trucks at the peak of today's efficiency with a styling of exterior that is yours to judge. *All the new Internationals are as NEW in engine and chassis, in structural refinement, in every vital detail, as they are NEW in streamlined distinction for the highway. All are ALL-TRUCK, and all are as modern as today's fine cars.*

The International line offers a trim, streamlined unit for the Half-Ton field and a wide range of sizes for every type of load and hauling requirement. Here at the far end of the *complete line* is a truck for big tonnage, brute performance, and economy on an impressive scale—a finer product for the heavy-duty field to which International sells *twice as many trucks as any other manufacturer.*

See the new International Trucks. There is the right model and size awaiting your pleasure in the new array of trucks now on display at all International branch and dealer showrooms.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
606 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Read what this driver writes:

International Harvester Company,
Chicago, Ill.

As one of the drivers in the Payne fleet at Grand Coulee Dam, I was very much interested in your recent ad on the subject.

I am majoring in mechanical engineering at the University of Washington. I earn my expenses driving and repairing heavy trucks during vacations and other times. I have worked for practically all of the major trucking contractors in this part of the country, driving all the more popular brands of heavy dump trucks.

I am a most enthusiastic booster for the International six-wheelers. I drove the one belonging to Goodfellow Bros., Wenatchee, Wash., during its term of operation at Coulee Dam. Operating side by side with other dual-drives, the International was invariably picked for the toughest assignments. It became known without question as the toughest, most dependable, yet cheapest truck to operate per yard-mile of any truck on the project.

Yours respectfully,

Seattle, Wash. Harold T. Smith
February 13, 1937 4014 Brooklyn St.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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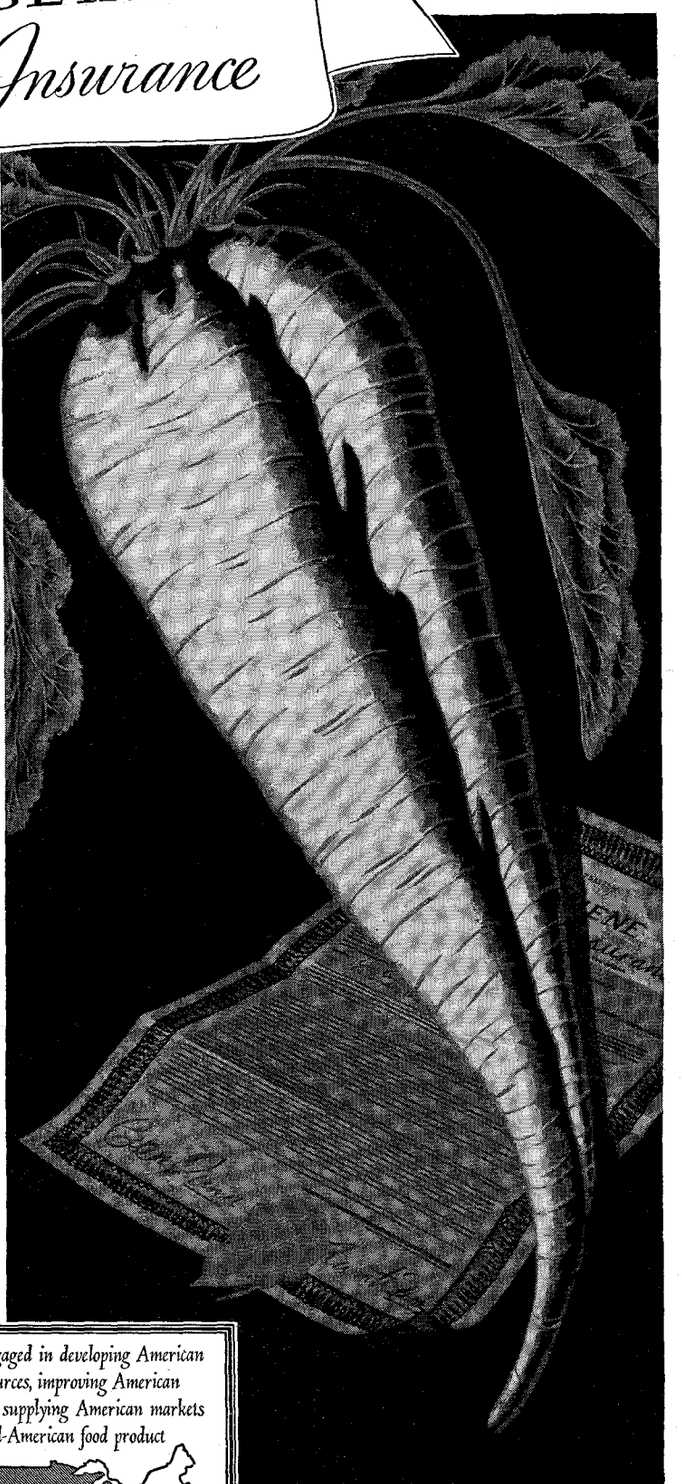
HERE'S A VEGETABLE *That Writes Insurance*



BUY sugar and you buy *sucrose*, compounded by Nature in numberless plants and trees. Buy beet sugar and you buy *sucrose* plus an "insurance policy" that guarantees the United States an internal supply of an essential food, no matter what may happen to supplies from overseas areas. Buying domestic beet sugar is good sense, it's good business. And, besides, there's no better sugar!

More than assuring a domestic sugar supply to thirty million Americans, the sugar beet itself is a form of crop insurance to farmers who grow it in a third of our states from Michigan to California. Deep-rooted beets suffer less from hail and pests than many other crops. Beets are a dependable cash crop, not competing with other major crops. Beets demand diversification not all the farmer's eggs in one basket. Other crops show higher yields when properly grown in rotation with beets. Beet by-products, fed to livestock, improve soil fertility. Beet farms are better farms.

One hundred thousand efficient American farmers grow sugar beets on nearly a million fertile acres. In field and factory the industry gives employment to tens of thousands of workers, and its income energizes the economic life of a hundred communities.

The engaging story of the benefits which the sugar beet confers on business and agriculture is told in a booklet, '*The Silver Wedge*,' sent on request.

An industry engaged in developing American natural resources, improving American agriculture, and supplying American markets with an all-American food product

UNITED STATES BEET SUGAR ASSOCIATION

944 GOLDEN CYCLE BLDG. COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

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To Our Readers

THIS MAGAZINE is new born. In it are merged the character and purpose of two sturdy parents—*Review of Reviews* and *Literary Digest*. It has good blood and is of clean strain.

THE DIGEST will strive to find its own place of useful service in a changing world—true to the traditions of its heritage but forward-looking and vigorous in its own youthful right.

Each issue will aim to digest everything of significance happening in the world, and everything in print most worthy of thoughtful reading. An able staff of editors is sifting from all sources the important from the trivial, and presenting it in a form for quick assimilation by busy people.

The only political affiliations of THE DIGEST are with the American public. It has no party bias, and pledges allegiance only to American institutions.

We are fortunate in having the publishing counsel and editorial direction of my father, Dr. Albert Shaw. No American editor has had a longer or richer experience with which to light the way for a new publishing venture; no man of any nation could with greater right assume the responsibility for understanding and safeguarding the interests of the readers of a magazine. In an editorial staff averaging less than half his age, there is no fresher, fairer judgment than his.

We hope that you will value THE DIGEST as a *service*, a guide to your reading and a means to save much hunting for the mental food on which you must rely for sound thinking and the conduct of your life and affairs.

Albert Shaw Jr.

INFORMATION

FORMER SUBSCRIBERS to both the *Literary Digest* and the *Review of Reviews* will have their subscriptions filled with THE DIGEST. The length of subscriptions will remain unchanged, but former *Review of Reviews* subscribers will receive 52 issues a year, instead of 12. *Literary Digest* subscribers will receive the number of copies due on their present subscriptions. Those who have been getting both magazines will have their subscriptions extended to cover the remaining months of both magazines.

It is possible that a few subscribers will receive duplicate copies of the first few issues. If this should happen, they will not be charged for the additional copies; as the mailing lists are consolidated, all records will be adjusted as of July 17, 1937.

It will assist us in a difficult task if our readers will defer writing concerning their subscriptions until after July 31, except in cases of change of address or non-delivery of copies.

The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS
incorporating
The Literary Digest

Albert Shaw, *Editor*

Albert Shaw, Jr., *Publisher*

JULY 17, 1937

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Review of Reviews Corp.

VOL. I NO. I

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Art Director: Morrill Cody

Information for Subscribers

Terms: United States and Canada, $4 a year, in advance; two years, $6; 10c a copy. Foreign countries, $5 a year, Semiannual indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

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Accountancy Home-Study

made *interesting* and *practical* thru *problem method*

YOU know as well as we do that Accountancy fits many men for positions that pay three and five and ten thousand dollars a year—gives many other men unusual opportunity to start a profitable growing business of their own.

You probably realize also that—because of the new state and federal legislation—the accounting profession faces now and for the next few years the greatest opportunity it has ever had.

The only question is—just how practical is it for *you* to train yourself adequately in Accountancy through home study?

And the answer lies in the LaSalle Problem Method.

For this modern plan of training not only makes Accountancy study at home thoroughly practical but makes it interesting as well.

And here's how:

You Learn by Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the auditor of your company or the head of a successful accounting firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to work those problems out—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster by far than that of the man who is compelled to pick up his knowledge by study of theory alone.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, almost that identical plan. You advance by studying principles and solving problems.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—one accountant—you have back of you the organized experience of a large business training institution, the authoritative findings of scores of able accounting specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful accountants.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering—you are coached in the solving of the problems you must face in the higher accounting positions or in an accounting practice of your own. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until, at the end of your training, you have the kind of ability and experience for which business is willing to pay real money—just as it was glad to pay these men.*

Five Men Who Tested and Proved It for You

For instance, there was the man who started Accountancy training with us. After a short period of study, he took a position as bookkeeper for a year, and then became accountant for a leading automobile manufacturer—with bookkeepers under him. Later he became auditor of one of the foremost banks in his state with his salary 325 percent larger than when he started training.

He wrote, "*My training is the best investment I've ever made, showing a cash value running into five figures.*"

And the young clerk, earning $75 a month and then stepping up to several times that as general auditor for an outstanding, nation-wide organization. Within six months after he began our training, he was earning $125 a month and within four years, he was earning $250.

Do you wonder that he wrote, "*While LaSalle ads once seemed like fairy tales to me, now I know from personal experience that they are true*"?

Or let us tell you about two men—one a stenographer and the other a retail clerk—neither of whom knew more than the simplest elements of bookkeeping. One is now the comptroller and the other the assistant comptroller of a large company.

"*LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy,*" wrote both, "*was the important factor in our rapid climb.*"

And if you are thinking about the C. P. A. degree and a public accounting business of your own, read about the pharmacist who was earning $30 a week when a LaSalle registrar secured his enrollment for Accountancy training. Eight months later he left the drug store to take a bookkeeping job at $20 a week—less money but larger opportunity. Three years later he passed the C. P. A. examination and a year later yet he was earning $5,000 a year. Now he has his own successful public accounting firm for which he says, "*My LaSalle training has been largely responsible.*"

Send for This Book

*Names and addresses given on request.

One-Tenth of All C. P. A.'s Are LaSalle Alumni

If you want still more proof, remember that 1,400 C.P.A.'s—nearly one-tenth of all those in the United States who ever passed the difficult examination for this coveted degree—are LaSalle alumni.

And knowing these facts, ask yourself if there can be any further question about the practicability of this training—ask rather if the real question is not about the size of your own ambition and the quality of your determination.

For Accountancy is no magic wand for the lazy or the fearful or the quitter—it offers success only to the alert adult who has the courage to face the facts and the will to carry on till the job is done.

If you are that individual, the coupon below, filled out and mailed, will bring you free the information that may open up to you the future of which you have dreamed—ability and income and success.

Is it not worth getting that information?

LaSalle Extension adult business training

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 867-HR, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, your 64-page, illustrated book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," telling about the profession of accountancy and your training for success in that field.

Name.....

Address.....City.....

Position.....Age.....

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THEY traveled 35,700 miles . . . and then this whole group of seasoned globe-trotters, home from their world cruise, voted South Africa the most *interesting* country of the entire trip!

Let's take a brief "preview" of South Africa: First the charming Cape Province; then from Capetown around Cape Point and up the East Coast along the warm Indian Ocean, stretches a marvelous "Riviera"—prosperous towns and gay resorts, with charming country clubs, miles of smooth white beaches, surf-bathing, tennis and sporty fishing—

You will want to lounge awhile in glamorous Durban; visit Zululand and its primitive native life; then, by modern railroad or motor bus, tour inland to Victoria Falls, Rhodes' Tomb, the Zimbabwe ruins, Johannesburg and its great gold mines, Kimberley, famed for diamonds and other wonderful places.

After seeing the "Sunny Sub-Continent" *you, too, will vote*

SOUTH AFRICA

"THE WORLD'S *MOST INTERESTING* TRAVEL LAND"

Detailed information from all leading tourists and travel agencies.

FROM THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Once a Week

To the Editor:

I see that you have purchased the *Literary Digest,* and assume the two magazines will be merged into a weekly.

I feel confident that with you at the helm the new periodical will become an important and rational influence in the moulding of public opinion.

Charles A. Brodek,
New York City

Combination

To the Editor:

As a reader of the *Literary Digest* for many years, I should like to congratulate and wish you many years of great success in merging with the *Review of Reviews.*

I am most pleased to find that the *Literary Digest* will be in your care, for the reason that both magazines seem to aim the same way, and also for the many years of good, solid background both magazines have enjoyed.

Both you and I, and thousands of others, have seen many good publications pass either out of existence, or into other hands which so completely changed the make up that the old form passed out of the picture completely. This I hope will not happen to the *Literary Digest.*

Having a regular periodical coming to the house over a period of years makes it more than mere sheets of printed paper. It becomes a friend—a weekly house guest. Therefore, old readers get more or less sentimental about their reading matter.

The above, I believe, are the sincere sentiments of thousands of readers of both the *Literary Digest* and the *Review of Reviews.*

I wish you the most complete success in your new undertaking of the combined publications.

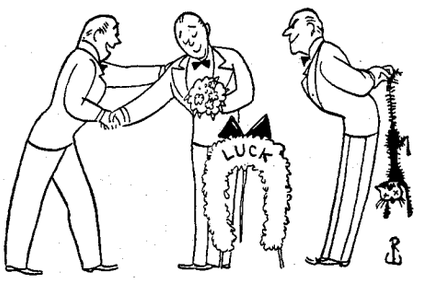
Frederick J. Bleiler,
New York City

Horse and Buggy

To the Editor:

Many of the *Review of Reviews* readers will miss its monthly visits, but will be happy to have the weekly to take its place. The monthly, I suppose, is too much of the horse and buggy days for the present generation.

I am sure that the American public will welcome a weekly publication of the character you will create—one that is terse and pungent, without being flippant. You have a wonderful opportunity to fulfill the appetite of the modern citizen for



the clear-cut presentation of facts, and a courageous and intelligent analysis of current happenings of the world.

Bryan Mack,
U. S. Maritime Commission,
Washington, D. C.

Education

To the Editor:

I am greatly pleased that you have taken over the *Literary Digest,* because I know of nothing more to be desired than to have your publication reach the greatest number of people possible.

Your editorial comments I consider to be the most constructive and enlightening influence in this country; for breadth, clarity, understanding and tolerance, unbiased by prejudice or predilection.

Your magazine is a liberal education, the broadest and best I know of between the covers of a periodical. May your life be long spared.

C. T. Conover,
President, Conover & Hawkins, Inc.,
Seattle, Washington

Who, What, When

To the Editor:

When the *Review of Reviews* and its absorbed compatriot *World's Work* were established as monthly periodicals years ago the keynotes of their editorial policies were intelligent interpretation, as well as narration of outstanding news events, and of the social, economic, and political trends of the day. They were successful because they did give their readers an understanding of the significance of great events and were not content merely to chronicle history in sprightly style.

In the weekly field today there is room

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for such a journal of interpretative news reporting, a journal that tells not only who, what, when and how, but why. The tempo of the times demands a weekly, and the temper of the times calls for the old policies of constructive interpretation tried and proved through several decades.

Faithful to the old traditions of the monthly field and imitating no publication in the weekly field this new publication may look forward to a prosperous and useful future if it is true to the policies of its great forebears, if it abjures fads and fancies and does its job of educating with pride, dignity, and good humor.

Congratulations and best wishes to the new weekly, THE DIGEST, and its distinguished editor.

Carl C. Dickey,
New York City

Busy Indeed

To the Editor:

I realize these are exceedingly busy days for you, yet I would intrude for a moment to convey every wish for the best of good fortune in the "marriage" of the *Literary Digest* to the *Review of Reviews.*

These are strenuous days for publishers, and your acquisition of the *Digest* should strengthen your fine project handsomely.

John Oliver La Gorce,
National Geographic Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

Or Something

To the Editor:

Congratulations on your taking over the *Literary Digest.* That makes you a tycoon. I certainly wish you luck.

Ames Brown,
New York City

Natural

To the Editor:

I think this is fine, natural, and maybe a little bit overdue. The weekly news magazine audience will, I am sure, find that something worth while has grown out of such a logical combination.

Lee D. Brown,
New York City

Grand Plan

To the Editor:

The plan to make the new magazine a weekly is a grand one. In these hurried days your readers should not have to wait until the end of the month to get your viewpoint on the news.

Stuart R. Stevenson,
Montgomery, Scott & Co.,
New York City

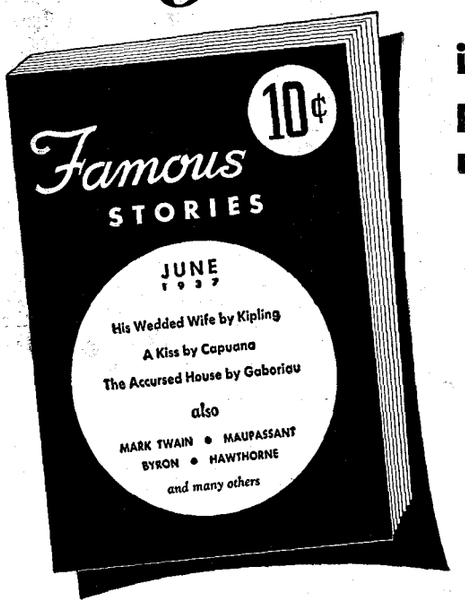
Not Superstitious?

To the Editor:

Congratulations and best wishes for the new adventure! I have just read the

EVERY STORY

a Famous Story



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Best Stories Ever Written!

"Here's a new magazine idea that makes it possible to enjoy in a short period what it has taken others thousands of hours just to FIND!"

AT LAST! a magazine that never prints a poor story!

Every story in it is a proved success before it makes its way into *Famous Stories* Magazine.

Many other magazines—some wonderfully interesting ones, too—are made up from their authors' current writings. But the Editor of *Famous Stories* selects the very best for you from the whole world's literature. The stories of every age and of every language. The stories you really want to read.

His Beautiful Wife *by Hermann Bahr,* A Kiss in the Box Tunnel *by Charles Reade,* Brown of Calaveras *by Bret Harte,* Too Dear *by Leo Tolstoy* head the list of entertainers . . . *Voltaire, Henri Murger, Charles Dickens, Edgar Allan Poe, Leigh Hunt, A. Averchenko, Avetis Aharonian, Nathaniel Hawthorne* and *Ernest Dowson* are also among those who will delight you in the July number now on the stands.

ONLY 10 CENTS

on all newsstands

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news in this morning's Boston *Herald.*

I shall be at the newsstand early July 13th, to get the new edition and read it from cover to cover.

Eloise Woodford,
Boston, Mass.

Leadership

To the Editor:

It is a notable achievement in the history of American publications to have these two great periodicals merged into a national institution under your able direction.

We need this leadership at a time when honored institutions are being undermined. Under your statesmanship we, who have followed you throughout our lives in the *Review of Reviews,* feel that you are now performing the greatest service of your distinguished career.

Francis Trevelyan Miller,
Historical Foundations,
New York City

Congratulations

To the Editor:

I noticed that the *Review of Reviews* has acquired the *Literary Digest.* I hasten to extend my congratulations.

I am glad to see your organization take over the *Digest,* and I hope you will enjoy the great success with it that you deserve.

John J. Tigert,
President, University of Florida

Share Croppers

To the Editor:

I read your magazine, enjoy it, and believe in your viewpoint on national affairs without a shadow of reservation.

I am a Southern Constitutional Democrat, and a farmer—who believes in law and order, thrift and hard work. I know from personal observations that Mr. Roosevelt is promoting the relief theory in every way he can, for political ends; I have no faith in him, personally or politically, and think that he has assembled the biggest bunch of nit-wits the world has ever known. He is precipitating the destruction of the most perfect government the mind of man has ever conceived.

In your May issue you make some comment on the share-cropper situation, and mention our State. I fear that a great deal of the recent investigation and surveying is for the purpose of making another raid on the U. S. Treasury. When the goat-minded Wallace asked Congress to buy these people lands, leaving the title with the Government, the cat was out of the bag; for his proposal is contrary to the best interests of the people whom he wishes to help, as well as to the American tradition.

Even the Treasury of the United States is not big enough to cure the plight of the tenants. The obstacles are social and mental, not alone economic. Education and self-respect, which will take a considerable time to develop, are the first prerequisites. Much more harm than good will come from any attempt to hurry the process beyond the capacities of the people involved.

R. W. Sibley,
Conway, Arkansas

Munitions

To the Editor:

In his article, "Neutrality and Common Sense," reprinted in your May issue, Mr. Bernard M. Baruch says:

"I have suggested that we sell anything to anybody who has the money, pays cash for it, takes it at our ports, and ships it away in its own bottoms. On this plan . . . we have no further obligation, and no chance of getting mixed up in a war."

He then offers as an excuse for such action the assumption that we may find ourselves in the position of a belligerent —needing war materials to repel an invading nation. In that case, he says, the refusal of other nations to supply us would severely cripple our defense.

Let us look at this last point. If other nations refuse to supply us with war materials, isn't it very probable that by the same token they would refuse to supply our enemy? I think so.

As regards his first point, I think Mr. Baruch should be informed that there are, surprisingly enough, some people who hate war—all war—for what it is; people who have a profound aversion for killing no matter where it takes place.

These people wish to refrain from selling to belligerents not merely because such action may draw us into the war, but because it would actually be making the war possible. The responsibility for the continuance of the war falls upon the one furnishing the means of warfare.

These people strangely believe that a good way for us to help safeguard the world against war is to refrain from giving nations materials with which to fight; even going so far as to prohibit the supplying of peaceful nations with war materials, because these materials have but one ultimate use—killing.

They are willing to endure economic sacrifice in their desire to see a sensible, peaceful world.

Alvin M. Rapp,
Averne, N. Y.

PRESS COMMENTS

Please!

The *Digest* is being taken over by the *Review of Reviews,* a publication of long standing whose policy at this time is devoted principally to tossing brickbats at the Roosevelt administration and tooting the horn of Big Business. It will be interesting to see what a mixture of the two magazines will bring forth.

—Little Rock *Democrat*

Sic Transit

The *Literary Digest* has been sold to the Review of Reviews Corporation. It will be merged with the *Review of Reviews* as a weekly publication. Let us hope that Presidential election straw polls and other polls will not be revived.

There have been two periods in the *Digest's* career. The first was something like this:

"The President's message was a bold, statesmanlike appeal for a much needed reform," in the opinion of the Glasgow *Democrat-Herald,* disagreeing sharply with the Canandaga *News-Index,* which criticizes the President for "utter vagueness, combined with a sinister appeal to class hatred." On the other hand the Pensacola *Republican-Examiner* sees in the President's message a "clear-cut program for the welfare of the whole people," while the Readville *Watchman* insists that the President's program, if carried out, would "ruin the very people whom he professes to seek to help."

The second was something like this:

"New York's Franklin Delano Roosevelt, beaming, dynamic, zestful, shook Congress on Friday. Swiftly, suddenly, startlingly, unexpectedly, boldly, cleverly

sent he to the stunned lawmakers a bill to revamp the Supreme Court. No comment came from handsome, austere, bearded Chief Justice Hughes. No comment came from bearded, eyeglass-wearing Justice Sutherland.

"Idaho's Borah, stern, leonine, square-faced, rugged, thoughtful, vigorous, looked out of the window of his office. Carefully he placed a paperweight from one side of the desk to the other, rose, adjusted his eyeglasses, pointed dramatically to a picture of the famous statesman on the wall and spoke. Said he: 'I have nothing to say.'

"Cabinet members were swiftly involved. Connecticut's suave Homer Cummings and Tennessee's Cordell Hull paused dramatically on the steps of the Capitol. Breathlessly crowds watched.

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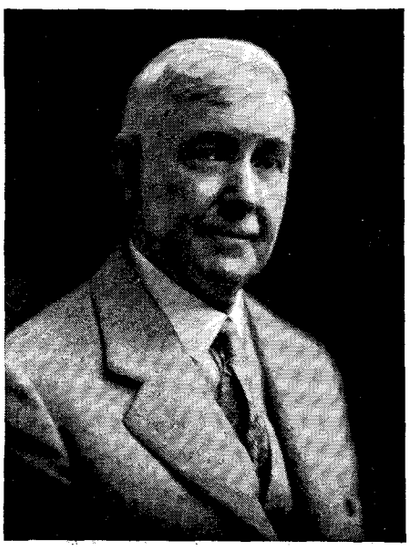
Swiftly arose the rumor that both of these men had eaten crackers and milk for luncheon. Tall, thin-haired, smiling Cummings, who works days and sleeps nights, spoke. Said he: 'Let's go.'"

—Worcester *Telegram*

Not So Odd

It was not surprising to many that the *Digest* should be sold. Oddly enough, the journal does not fall into the hands of one of the upstart, bright young men of the magazine publishing trade, but to a bewhiskered veteran editor who pub-



Moustache, yes—whiskers, no

lishes the staid and intellectual *Review of Reviews*, Albert Shaw.

Although Mr. Shaw seemingly is not in sympathy with some of the changes being made in magazine publishing, certainly, it is to be hoped that THE DIGEST under his direction will resume an important place in the world of periodicals.

—Birmingham *News*

We'll Try

The report is that the *Literary Digest* has been sold to Albert J. Shaw, Jr., of the *Review of Reviews*.

A journal like a newspaper, a bank, a farm, a shop, or a store cannot and will not live on its past glory. Modernization is the watchword of the day. Every kind of an institution, even the church, if it lives up to the demands of its day. We wish the new publisher well with his consolidated journal. Here is hoping that both journals in their consolidated form continue to render a great service to the people of this nation.

—Athens, Tenn., *Post-Athenian*

Thanks

The *Literary Digest* passes from the hands of its former publishers to the possession of that fine veteran, Albert Shaw, of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Shaw will combine the *Literary Digest* with the *Review of Reviews*.

The standard of excellence which for many years Mr. Shaw's magazine has held makes reasonable the prophecy that the consolidation will create an outstanding news, interpretative, and review magazine.

The old *Literary Digest* had for a very long time a distinguished and successful career, but it missed some trick in the whirligig of time. It was always competent, providing a thorough, reliable, and workmanlike weekly digest of the world's events. But modern competitors in the hands of young collegians who knew their crowd, caught the public eye and swept the platter almost clean.

The excellent and time honored editors of the *Literary Digest* thought the people still read for the pleasure of reading, but the younger generation, with a surer interpretation of mass moods, knew that what the people in this age want are large pictures and short paragraphs.

—Topeka *State Journal*

Merger

Announcement of the sale of the *Literary Digest* to the *Review of Reviews* is epochal in the world of periodical publications. Each of the two publications pioneered its particular field. Each had its heyday in an earlier generation. Both have been household words throughout the states of the Union.

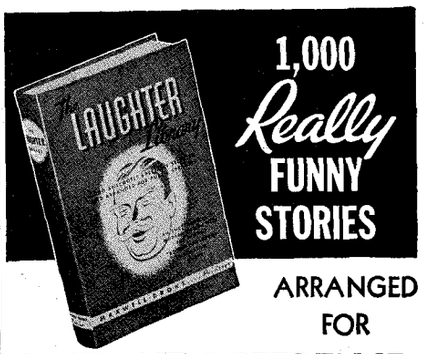
The *Review of Reviews* was established in 1891 by Albert Shaw. He has been its editor ever since. Now, at near approach to age eighty, he becomes editor of the consolidated publications and moves from the monthly to the weekly field. His has been a varied, a remarkable and a brilliant career. His son, Albert Shaw, Jr., is associated with him and presumably will carry the brunt of the new enterprise, but the indomitable spirit of the elder Shaw is, nevertheless, symbolized again in the new work he has undertaken.

The old *Review of Reviews* was one of the first, if not the very first, magazine to feature editorial interpretations of current events. The feature was written in the beginning, as now, by Albert Shaw. It was the principal factor in the magazine's early years in establishing it in public favor. And the *Review of Reviews* has survived through forty-six years.

The *Literary Digest* also made its name and fame largely through its weekly interpretations of the news of the day, and more particularly in its reflections of the trend and opinions of the daily press of the land. In its own field the *Literary Digest* was unique.

It will be interesting to watch the future career of these two old-time periodical standbys under their consolidation. They deserve the well wishes of everybody.

—Portland *Oregonian*



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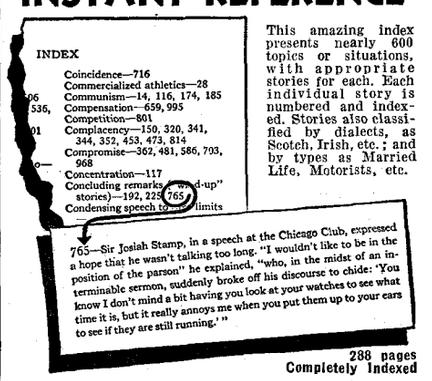
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765—Sir Josiah Stamp, in a speech at the Chicago Club, expressed a hope that he wasn't talking too long. "I wouldn't like to be in the position of the parson" he explained, "who, in the midst of an interminable sermon, suddenly broke off his discourse to chide: 'You know I don't mind a bit having you look at your watches to see what time it is, but it really annoys me when you put them up to your ears to see if they are still running.'"

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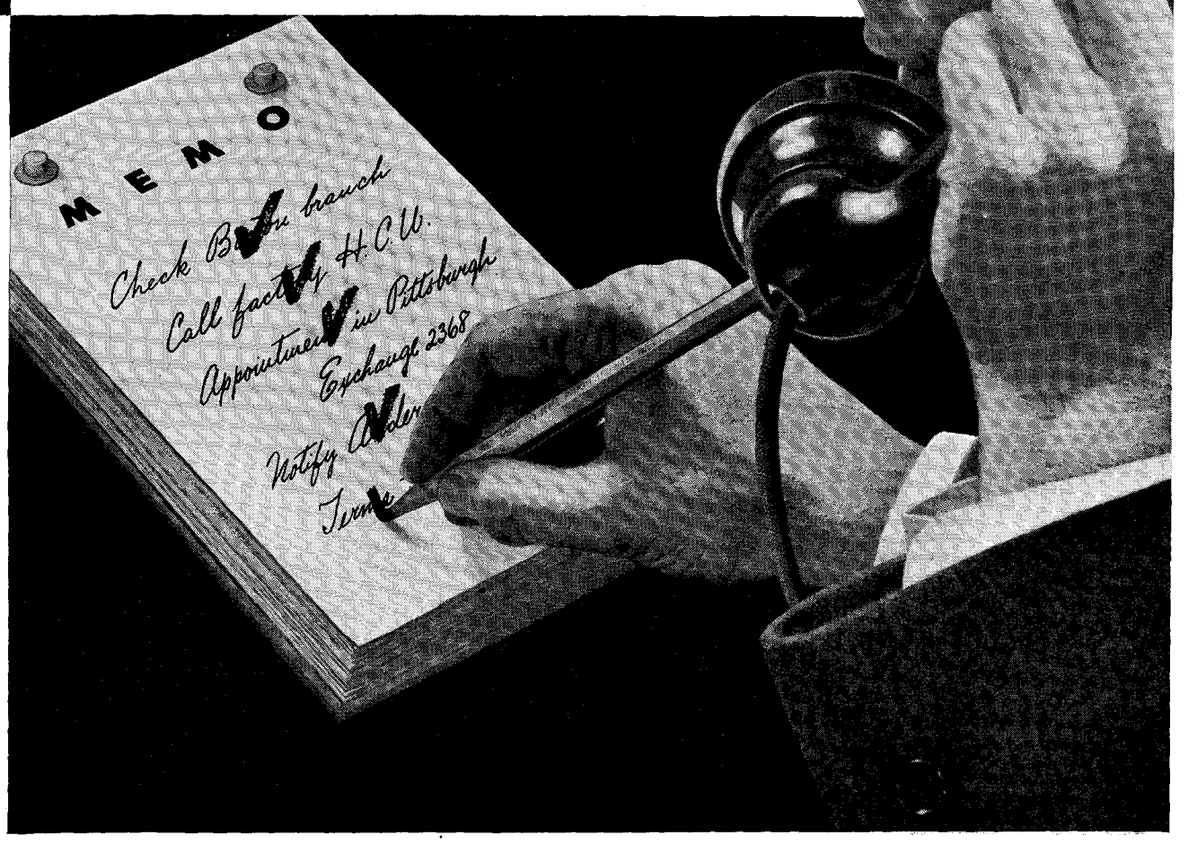

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The Digest

3/31-42 4

Story of a Week

THE NATION

OPEN REVOLT in Congress, violence snarling its head off before astonished factory gates, shouts of "Scab" and shouts of "Liar"—we've been having a time. No patriot is safe—a firecracker explodes in a Capitol cloakroom, wellspring of Fourth of July orators, burning a Representative's fingers. No dreamer is safe—at Zion, Illinois, fire breaks out in the home of Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who dreams that the earth is flat, and police suspect incendiarism. In the spirit of the times, a bear climbs a tree at Salisbury, N. Y., and bites a man on the leg. Rattled, a Negro in Milledgeville, Ga., eats 97 nails. Yet today has a softer side. There is a run on sun-tan lotion in the stores, happy idolators revel in Deans and Hubbells, W. C. Fields sets the nation giggling of a Sunday, and in Wildwood, N. J., the National Marbles Tournament is held according to schedule. All the while, from Dale Carnegie, millions of Americans learn how to make millions of friends.

Strikes: A Crazy Quilt

A LEATHER-LUNGED picket bellowing "Rat!" wakes a sleeping policeman and is arrested for disturbing the peace. A federal judge borrows a shotgun and stands guard over carpenters remodeling his house during a building strike. Big league ball players returning to the club house after a Sunday double-header find a letter telling them how downtrodden they are and urging them to organize. A battalion of WPA artists and writers hold a Federal Arts Project administrator prisoner for fifteen hours as a protest against cuts in relief rolls. The American Employees Guild, independent, opens offices in New York City and starts enrolling white collar workers who want to organize but not in the rough-and-tumble manner of the overalled. A dynamite explosion shatters water lines feeding Johnstown steel mills and 6000 men who have just returned find themselves out of work again. The President of the United States, exasperated by the endless repetition of such items, lashes striker and employer alike—"A plague on both your houses!" . . . .

That was the sort of thing the nation saw as it celebrated its Independence Day. We Americans do go on so.

Back to Work in Fact

"THE STRIKE continues unbroken!" C.I.O. leaders made the claim bravely, but even as they spoke hearth furnaces cold for a month were blazing into life. Men were back at work in the steel mills.

It was John L. Lewis's first taste of defeat. His eighteen-month-old Committee for Industrial Organization had reached into textile mills, oil fields, and rubber factories. Its affiliate unions had signed contracts with General Motors, Chrysler, even the great United States Steel Corporation. C.I.O. was boasting of a membership of 2,000,000.

Then the so-called steel independents, Republic, Inland, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and Bethlehem, agreed verbally to collective bargaining but refused to sign a contract. The C.I.O. cracked down; 75,000 workers quit their jobs.

There was violence almost at once. Rioting in Chicago and Youngstown, Ohio, sent twelve strikers to their graves. An army of coal miners threatened to march on Johnstown, Pa., for a sympathy demonstration. At this point the governors of Ohio and Pennsylvania clamped the troublesome areas under martial law. But public opinion, embittered by walkouts and bloodshed, soon ended that condition. Soldiers who had kept plants from opening were called upon to escort

workers to their jobs. Before long the C.I.O. and one independent, Inland, had worked out a face-saving truce whereby the company recognized the steel union as the bargaining agency for its own members.

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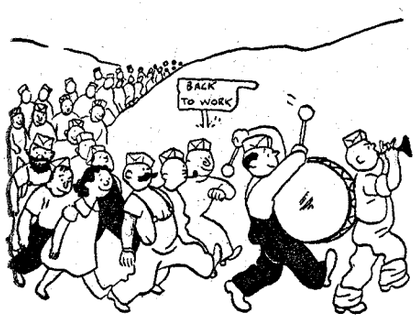
Meanwhile on another sector, the C.I.O. was falling back also. Ford employees set upon and drubbed organizers of the United Automobile Workers. The National Labor Relations Board called for an explanation, but Henry Ford and his son dug in for a finish fight. Willy-nilly, they won the backing of vigilante societies throughout Michigan. Girding for war with the C.I.O., supported by communities fed up with sit-downs, slow-downs, broken labor contracts and assorted violence, these groups concocted secret plans to smash any strike launched at Dearborn.

Newspaper publishers form a third powerful opposition to C.I.O. designs. Last month the American Newspaper Guild, C.I.O. affiliate, began a drive for a nation-wide closed editorial shop. Eleven publishers' associations declared "unalterable opposition" to the idea as foreshadowing the end of freedom of the press. It would be impossible, they said, for editors to present uncolored news "if some outside authority, beyond their control, determines whom they shall or shall not employ."

Back to Work by Law

POPULAR movements are quickly reflected in law. The back-to-work movement, following six months of C.I.O strikes, was soon mirrored in legislation to preserve the worker's right to work and to limit the striker's right to strike, the picket's right to picket.

In Michigan, where C.I.O. members paralyzed the Saginaw Valley for fifteen hours with a power-house strike, held a labor holiday in Lansing, sponsored a rent strike in Pontiac, and staged celebrated sit-downs in Chrysler and General Motors plants, a bill of this sort has actually been enacted. It confirms labor's right to organize, bargain collectively, strike and picket peacefully. But it forbids mass picketing which blocks a highway or a factory gate. It prevents sympathizers from other cities, other industries, from bolstering up a picket line. It sets up an



Industrial Relations Board to investigate disputes and encourage mediation.

In Washington, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican Senator from strike-scarred Michigan, sponsors three strike-checking amendments to the Wagner Act. One would permit employers, as well as employees, to demand elections for the selection of labor's bargaining agents. The second would penalize labor's violations of contracts—such as the 181 which General Motors experienced in 70 days—and sanction only those called by majority vote of employees. The third Vandenberg amendment would outlaw compulsory political assessments on union members and intimidation of workers into joining any labor union. Together the three amendments paraphrase the British Trades Dispute Act of 1927.

"It is time somebody hung up a lantern," says Senator Vandenberg. Last week, the fate of his amendments was still unsettled, but it seemed that he might have hung up a lantern which would light the Republican party to an issue for the rest of this session of Congress and perhaps for the 1938 elections. Lawyer, author, editor, publisher, with a sense of journalistic values, the Senator has been peering out of his octagonal glasses for a likely-looking issue since the session began. Some Democrats fear he has found one in union responsibility. To offset him, they urge that $50,000 be raised to pay off the loan Mr. Lewis's Mine Workers made to the Democratics in 1936.

Meanwhile, the drive for union responsibility receives support from another source. On July 3, Frances Perkins condemned the sit-down strike weapon as one "which should be abandoned."

Revolt of the Angels

CONGRESSMEN who have been angelically accommodating during a President's first term may become impish after his reëlection. Franklin D. Roosevelt discovered the fact on February 5 when he tossed his plan for enlarging the Supreme Court into the Congressional hopper.

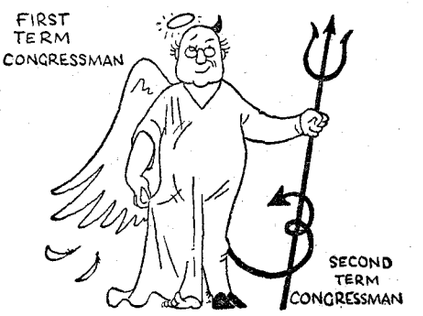
Such New Dealers as Senators Edward R. Burke, Bennett Champ Clark, Burton K. Wheeler, and Tom Connally condemned the bill on the ground that it would make the judiciary subservient to the executive and pave the way for a dictatorship. Later they could argue that it was not only unwise but unnecessary, for the nine justices, in apparent about-face, handed down the famous "liberal decisions" upholding the Railway Pensions Act, the Wagner Labor Law, and Social Security. Furthermore, Justice VanDevanter resigned and left a vacancy for the President to fill with an appointee of his own.

In June the Democratic revolt reached a climax. The Senate Judiciary Committee, five-sixths Democratic, damned the Court enlargement bill in a bitter adverse report: "It . . . . should be so emphatically rejected that its parallel will never again be presented."

Defection deepened and spread. Vice-President Garner suddenly went off to Texas on a "vacation"; gossips said he could not see eye to eye with "the boss." Majority Leader Robinson balked at giving the President free spending privileges under the $1,500,000,000 relief measure. He wanted to gesture toward economy by requiring municipalities to share 25 percent of the cost of local WPA projects.

Democratic Senators and Representatives grumbled that the President was gobbling up powers which belonged to Congress. They grumbled that he was seeking a third term. Asked by a reporter if he would accept another nomination, the President told his questioner to don a dunce cap and stand in the corner.

A rollicking week-end at Jefferson Islands in Chesapeake Bay, during which Roosevelt ate, drank and joked with Democrats in House and Senate, did not



exorcise rebellion from the party. Indeed, one Democratic daily, *The Macon* (Georgia) *Telegraph,* burst out with the startling suggestion that Franklin D. Roosevelt be impeached. "It can be done," said the paper solemnly, "and if our free institutions are further threatened, it must be done."

Summer School Ahead

IN SIX MONTHS of its first session the Seventy-fifth Congress has accomplished next to nothing. Early in January, Senate and House leaders planned to finish this year's job of law-making by June. Then came the Administration's Court bill, monopolizing Congress while a legislative log jam piled up behind it.

By July Congress had averaged about three hours' work a day. It had passed a Neutrality law, a Guffey coal act (to replace one invalidated by the Supreme Court), a $1,500,000,000 relief bill, and a handful of appropriation bills. Otherwise—blank.

Many a Senator said "Amen" when Norris of Nebraska suggested that Congress adjourn for the sizzling summer and reconvene in October. But a House bloc, 100 strong and headed by the vimful Maury Maverick of Texas, scoffed, demanding that the session continue until all important bills were disposed of.

That is as big an order as Congress ever faced. At least seven major measures hang fire:

1. A Court enlargement compromise permitting the appointment of one new justice a year to supplement any member over 75 who fails to retire.

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2. Executive reorganization, to reshuffle 90 independent agencies and create two new cabinet posts.

3. Wages and hours, establishing a labor standards board to regulate wages, hours, and child labor.

4. A hole-proof income-tax law.

5. A low-cost housing bill.

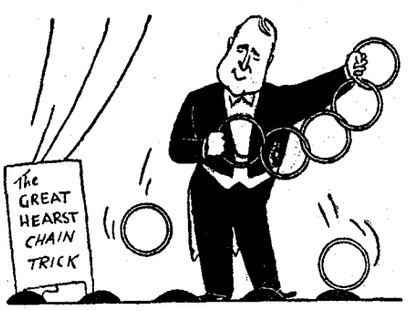
6. A new crop control program, with the "ever-normal granary."

7. A nation-wide system of TVAs.

The Press

WITH FREEDOM of the press, a Hearst organizational shake-up and a Hearst news scoop to talk about, the tongues of newspapermen have been clacking as busily as their typewriters. Expressing "unalterable" opposition to a closed shop in news rooms, newspaper publishers brought from Heywood Broun, president of the American Newspaper Guild, the charge that they are "holding to the philosophy of Tom Girdler."

The Guild also stood critically on the sidelines as a consolidation, a suspension, and a switch from evening to morning field shook the great Hearst chain. With 25 newspapers at the beginning of the year, that chain was the country's largest. The Scripps-Howard chain (24 newspapers) was second largest; the Gannett chain (17) was third. Then Hearst and Gannett joined to juggle links in two cities. Mr. Gannett killed his Albany *Knickerbocker Press,* leaving the morning field to the Hearst-owned evening *Times-Union.* Mr. Hearst folded his Rochester *Journal* and *Sunday American,* leaving the Gannett-owned *Democrat* and *Times-Union* without competition morning or evening. In New York, Mr. Hearst juggled a big link singlehandedly, consolidating his *American* (A.M.) with his *Journal* (P.M.) and his tabloid *Mirror* (A.M.). Mass circulation and department-store advertising had both eluded the *American.*



Meanwhile, in Chicago, Mr. Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* performed a feat which it called "the most notable newspaper achievement of the year," but which, in many minds, fused the freedom-of-the-press issue and Hearst newspaper activities into a single subject. Robert Irwin, self-confessed murderer of a man and two women in New York, walked into that newspaper's office, talked freely to its employees and, while police manhunted him, remained in their custody until their exclusive story hit the street. In 1928, Hildy Johnson, reporter and "happy-go-lucky Swede with a pants-kicking sense of humor," attempted something like that for another Chicago *Examiner.* He captured a jail breaking anarchist murderer and locked him in a desk "so's the *Examiner* can break the story exclusive." But he did it all imaginatively in "The Front Page," a play by Hecht and MacArthur.

Ten states have laws permitting reporters to withhold sources of news stories but not Hildy's way.

Scooped on the Irwin story, New York newspapers did not chide Chicago for abusing the freedom of the press. Yet they themselves have been rebuked for headlines run while Joseph Gedeon, father of one of the slain women, husband of the other, was treated as a suspect. "Gedeon Tells Confused Story." "Upholsterer Lacks Proof for Several Hours of Alibi." "Upholsterer's Needle Possible Weapon." So they regrettably ran.

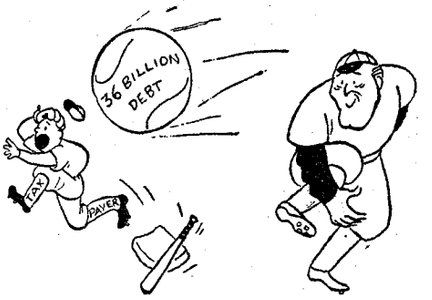
We Spend

"WE SPEND and we spend and we spend," cried Joseph T. Robinson on the floor of the Senate recently. "We can not go on forever doing it!"

A fortnight later the United States Treasury illustrated the point with a hair-raising collection of figures. The public debt was at an all-time high of $36,424,613,732, on June 30, the end of the fiscal year 1937. That represented an increase of $2,646,070,238 over the $33,778,543,494 figure of 1936, a jump of $10,942,579,313 from the war-time (1919) high of $25,482,034,419. The public debt picture in recent years:

1929	$16,931,197,748
1932	19,487,009,766
1933	22,538,672,164
1934	27,053,141,414
1935	28,700,892,624
1936	33,778,543,494
1937	36,424,613,732

For the economy-minded, the figures on the national budget were no more encouraging. Receipts for the fiscal year were $5,293,840,236, the expenditures, $8,105,158,547. That meant a sizeable



deficit for the seventh consecutive year. Not since 1930 have the government's receipts been larger than expenditures. Here is how seven lean years of depression have affected the deficit:

1931	$ 901,595,080
1932	3,147,919,458
1933	3,063,256,885
1934	3,989,496,035
1935	3,585,779,434
1936	4,763,841,643
1937	2,811,318,310

Ugh!

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THIS week the world pauses for a moment to note the first anniversary of its most disastrous civil war since the conflict between the American states. Exactly a year ago 1931 revolution and 1936 reaction clashed in luckless Spain. On July 17 the army rose against the liberal republic in Spanish Morocco, crossing the Gibraltar straits to capture Cadiz two days later. Thus the war began—with the Bilbao-Santander operations as its latest movement, this being carried out by rebel chief Davila, following the June death of Mola in an airplane accident.

Looking backward again: Following Cadiz the rebel reaction captured Badajoz by the Portuguese frontier; then Irun and San Sebastian near the French frontier. Toledo, south of Madrid, came next. In late October the siege of Madrid began and the loyalist government moved to east-coastal Valencia. Madrid held out, due largely to Kleber's skilful international brigade, and most of the rebel Moors (Franco's only good fighters) were decimated in the city suburbs. "Volunteer" Italians replaced the late lamented Africans. The blackshirts somehow took south-coastal Malaga in February.

Around Eastertide came loyalist victories at Guadalajara, northeast of Madrid, and Pozoblanco, southwest of it. Here the Italians were badly beaten. In June the rebels (and Italians) reasserted themselves and took northcoastal Bilbao, capital of the Basque free state.

Rebel boss Franco now controls close to two-thirds of Spain, with his capital at Burgos. Loyalists still hold the three big cities of central Madrid (the old capital), east-coastal Valencia (the new capital), and east-coastal Barcelona (capital of the Catalan free state). Dr. Juan Negrin heads the sixth loyalist cabinet since the war began (a Popular Front affair, as in France) while militarissimo Franco continues as rebel dictator, having shot or arrested his rivals in the rebel ranks.

To date, only the Moors and Kleber's grim internationalists (on opposing sides) have done anything heroic to write home about. Franco's Irish went back to Eire;

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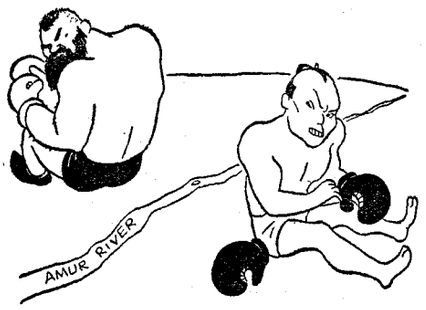
the loyalist Basques, good Catholics too, are down and out.

Behind Russia's Veil

IN LESS THAN a year there have been 190 official shootings in Russia for treason, sabotage, secession—plus suicides, jailings, demotions, and party purgings. Marshal Mike Tukachevsky, Redarmy hero, and seven other eminent generals were executed. The state presidents of White Russia and Uzbekistan are out. The crack journalist Radek is in jail. Secret-police and aviation heads are under a cloud. Workers in far Siberia and the wild Caucasus have been shot en masse. Old Bolshevik statesmen and administrators like Kamenev and Zinoviev have laid down their lives. Only the diplomatic corps (which trembles) and the navy (which is weak) remain unliquidated to date.

What does it all mean? The Redarmy —its planes and parachutes—stood at the peak in reputation, but now is weakened and unsure of itself. National morale



is at a low ebb; surviving officials shudder. France ponders uncertainly over her Russian alliance, while Russian influence in Spain decreases. Stalin alone remains on the gloomy Russian scene, supported by President Kalinin (an age-old zero) and Marshal Voroshilov (Redarmy top and Stalin yes-man).

There are varied explanations: Stalin is mentally quirky. He is weeding out all his political opponents. It is a mammoth Trotsky plot against him. He fears an attempted coup by the Redarmy. The Jap-Germans have bribed everyone in Russia. Stalin champions the broad masses against the exclusive communist party, via his new "democratic" constitution.

There are elements of truth in some of these versions. Stalin is a moderate, opposed to red Trotsky radicalism, and feared the napoleonic Tukachevsky group at the same time. Stalin is for Stalin rather than for Marx, and therein differs from the sainted Lenin. The Asiatic Gentleman from Georgia is functioning as a personal, nationalist dictator who resembles his enemy Hitler rather than his predecessor, who slumbers (on exhibition) in the Red Square.

Japan is quick to recognize current Russian weakness. The Amur River, dividing Jap-directed Manchukuo and Soviet Siberia, provided her with a July test case. Two river islands, economically worthless, strategically of some importance, were in dispute: Bolshoi and Sennufa. There were hostilities. Japanese and Manchurian troops were reported to have sunk a Russian river gunboat, disabled another, put to flight a third. Meanwhile, Russia floated an $800,000,000 defense loan as far-eastern swords rattled.

Happily that affair blew over; the moment was not ripe for going beyond the bluffing stage. But sometime, some other incident will set off the powder-barrel.

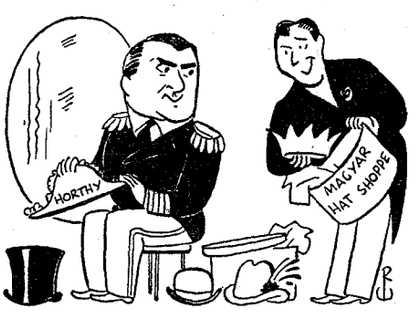
Bits from Budapest

HUNGARY, unhappy kingdom without a king, governed by a royal regent (Admiral Horthy) since 1920, changes its constitution to regulate "royal" succession to the "throne." The Allies after the war vetoed a Hungarian Hapsburg monarch, and Hungarians since have been unable to agree among themselves. Horthy cannot live forever. The plan is unique:

Regent Horthy designates *now* three secret candidates—no more, no less. Upper and lower houses of parliament at his death pick 1 to 3 candidates of their own. Then the joint parliament elects a new regent from among Horthy's and its own nominees. The winning candidate must receive a majority on the first ballot or a plurality on a subsequent vote.

In medieval times and after, Hungarian kings were elected by the innumerable nobility, a rampaging lot who wanted no hereditary monarchy to cramp their Rugged European Individualism. Thus the new Hungarian setup is a throwback.

Meanwhile, Hungary rapidly rearms in the German and Austrian manner, though forbidden by World War peace treaties. Czechoslovakia, Hungary's mortal foe, winks at this rearmament in the hope that her generosity may placate the implacable



Hungarians (who lost 70 percent of their territory in 1919). Germany is trying to barter expensive weapons for Hungarian agricultural products, freezing $4,500,000 of Hungarian credits in Berlin banks to pay for them; but Hungarian generals hesitate to purchase German arms because of their poor performance in Spain.

Navalissimo Horthy, incidentally, kings it over a lubber-land without a coastline. Middle-class Protestant though he is, the new setup gives him full royal powers, save for religious patronage and the bestowal of noble titles. Eight days after his death (when and if) there will be another regent elected to guard the ancient Crown of St. Stephen.

Hungary is Tory, not really dictatorial or fascist. There are reasonably abusive opposition parties, strikes, a semi-free press; and the secret ballot is being introduced into rural communities.

Pacific Holland

PROVERBIALLY peaceful Dutch East Indies have just become our largest customer for war materials: planes and machine-guns. Strange that these equatorial islands, usually "tucked away on the back page of an old school atlas," should lie in the center of the Pacific danger zone—possible headlines after Spain.

For 300 years Holland has held these densely populated, highly strategic, remarkably wealthy islands. Supplying the world with most of its rubber and quinine, half of its wrapper tobacco, large quantities of tin, oil, copra, tea, coffee, gum and spice, and 45 volcanos—this treasure chest is coveted by map-making, treaty-breaking Japan. The recent Manchurian adventure of Japan unearthed no oil. The Japs need it, the Dutch have it. Japan's ally, Germany, would, moreover, prefer to have the next fireworks break out in the Far East.

Facing Greater Japan, with its Janus-like economic and military imperialism, the Dutch are sharpening their wits and weapons, unmasking Jap spies, restricting Jap merchants, strengthening their weak defenses. Jap trade, which reached its high-water mark during the depression (when it practically drove the mother country's goods into the sea) is being gradually reduced.

Backed by the British Lion, firmly caged behind Britain's new and vast Singapore fortifications, Holland is bent on defending her neutrality. Even socialists O.K.'d the new $10,000,000 military program. The Indies will get 200 planes, new cruisers for their small fleet, modern fortifications on the coast of New Guinea and around the oilfields of Borneo, Balikpapan, and Pontianak. Some 242,000 Dutchmen and half-castes do military service, though the authorities are wary about arming the 61,000,000 natives whose nationalism is rising.

Actually Holland's best defense is diplomatic. Dutch-English interests interlock in oil, coincide in protecting the vital bridge which Singapore and the Indies form to connect Australia and India, and join hands in a common White Man's front vs. the latent Yellow Peril.

England vs. Germany

ON THE eighteenth anniversary of the Treaty of Versailles, England and Germany still faced each other trying to

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keep their balance at opposite ends of the international tightrope that has been badly twisted by the knotty Spanish war. Their fleets, stationed off Spain and Portugal, presented a black cloud; so did their leaders, taunting each other with verbal thrusts.

Neville Chamberlain, in his first public utterance on foreign affairs, warned Hitler from taking any high-handed action against the loyalists after the nazis (and their Roman allies) had withdrawn in a huff from the international non-intervention patrol around Spain. Hitler retorted bluntly: "Speeches in parliaments or talk of statesmen will not befuddle us. We will take the liberty, independence, honor, and security of our own nation into our own hands and know how to protect ourselves!"

German and English World War veterans, remembering the last war and fearing the next, presented the only silver lining of the Treaty's anniversary. King George, in morning-coat and top-hat, told 80,000 British veterans that war was a calamity "for the victors and vanquished" alike. On the other side of Flanders, 150,000 German veterans cheered lustily as two unheralded British ex-service men pleaded for mutual peace and understanding. A delegation of Italian war veterans looked on, unimpressed. Most interesting twist to the unexpected speeches and spontaneous cheers was the precedent they broke, since such nazi rallies normally end with "Heil! Hitler!" not "Heil! Dem König, George!"

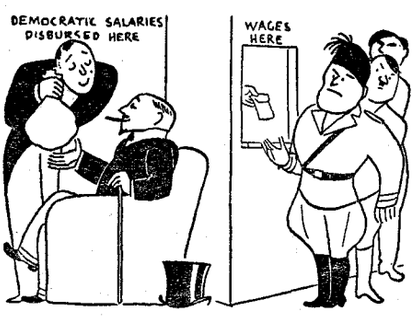
Meanwhile, diplomats reached a serious impasse, unable to hit upon a compromise that would keep the Spanish volcano from blowing the lid off of Anglo-French, German-Italian relations.

What Price Dictators?

NAZI Adolf Wagner, Bavarian subdictator, attacks Cardinal Michel Faulhaber of Munich, German Catholic No. 1, for his too-high salary. The Herr Prelate gets $11,500 per year, at a time when napoleons cost little on a salary.

Dictators come cheaper than democratic leaders, believe it or not. Most of them have power complexes which compensate for the eighteen-hour days they labor, and their dictatorial wages are low in consequence. Not so the democrats. President Roosevelt pulls down $75,000 a year. Anglo-premier Chamberlain gets $25,000. French premier receives $135 per week; his tenure of office is measured better in days than in years.

Paid in blank checks of power, Hitler draws no official salary at all. He has become independently wealthy as an author ("Mein Kampf") and publisher (*Voelkischer Beobachter*). Mussolini gets $5,250 per year, and owns the *Popolo d'Italia* newspaper on the side. Stalin of Russia gets $3,000; Schuschnigg of Austria, $5,700. Newest and ineffectivest of the Benevolent Despots, Smigly-Rydz of Poland draws the most by far: $11,400. Kemal of Turkey, dictator de luxe, has donated his entire personal fortune—said to be millions—to the Turkish people via



their grateful National Assembly. Needless to say, all these short-of-cash napoleons draw down plenty of governmental or *ex officio* perquisites.

Hitler's famous book, "Mein Kampf," is official nazi bible and has been translated into ten languages, ranging from Danish to Arabic. It has sold 2½ million copies, profitable enough on a royalty basis. Nevertheless, the Fuehrer boasts that he has no bank account.

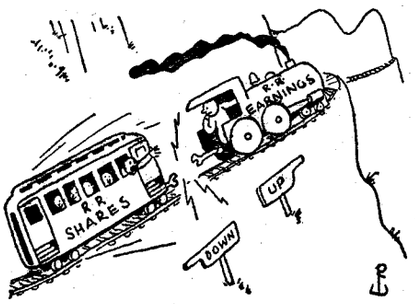
49757 BUSINESS

WE ENTER the second half of 1937 with business management stepping on the gas and labor leadership pulling the emergency brake. In spite of this strained situation, industrial production approximated 108 percent of normal in June (N. Y. *Times* index). Just a year ago it crossed the line into the above-par zone that had been unoccupied since 1930. The first half of 1937 records two mild sinking spells—one due to automobile strikes, the second due to steel strikes.

Except for this, there still are no serious clouds on the business horizon. Take railroads as an example: Carloadings of freight for the first 24 weeks of 1937 aggregated 17.4 million, compared with 15.2 million in the same period of 1936. Business is good; up nearly 15 percent by this carloadings index. But what happened to railroad shares in the stock market?

New York Central, a convenient example, passed $55 in market value on March 17 this year and sold below $35 on June 28. Why? Its net operating income, first five months, was up 32 percent over last year. Yet its market value falls by 36 percent within the last four months. It is indeed a strange world.

Most convincing explanation is: (a) that railroads would be first to feel the effects of a serious strike in either automobiles and steel; and (b) that the roads themselves face a strike vote by the Brotherhoods. There cannot be any halt in operation, under federal law, unless the Brotherhoods join C.I.O. and C.I.O. runs riot. But there can be a wage award—in



addition to recent restoration of depression wage cuts—that would dissipate increased earnings upon which shareholders have been casting flirtatious glances. New York Central's last dividend was paid in 1931. Six lean years.

Lowly Franc

THE INTERNATIONAL financial situation, long simmering, finally boiled over when, in France, seven days after the fall of the Blum government, Georges Bonnet took over the role of finance minister to extricate the franc from its perilous perch.

From the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, France's new Premier, Camille Chautemps, received (1) a vote of confidence in his government, (2) permission to make further advances of 15,000,000,000 francs from the Bank of France, (3) the right to levy additional income and excise taxes, and (4) for his finance minister, broad powers to preserve the franc.

Given his extraordinary powers, M. Bonnet intimated that the franc would be devalued (a second time in nine months) from 4½ to 4 cents. The first devaluation, last September, reduced its gold parity from 6½ to 4½ cents. The franc will be set free from its pegged price, to find its own level.

To financial observers the world over, M. Bonnet's action came as no surprise. For more than two years capital had been sent scurrying out of France (and into the United States) by war-scared French nationalists seeking a haven for their wealth. To safeguard their capital, they disposed of their French holdings in the home market, sold the francs thus obtained for American dollars, then reinvested the dollars in American securities. Such mass action by investors large and small depressed French markets and exhausted financial resources.

Also, there had been a continuous flow of gold from France (and other countries) to Uncle Sam because of the all-time high price of $35 an ounce he is paying for

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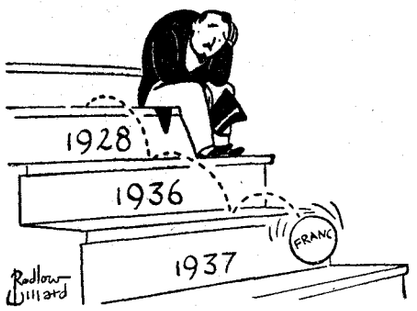
the yellow metal. With the money received for their gold, Frenchmen invested in American securities.

To cap it all, increased costs of production saddled on French producers by social reforms (i. e., 40-hour work week) instituted by the Blum government had



hiked living costs and raised price levels above wage levels, canceling the benefits of devaluation. This, together with the fact that in exporting non-earning gold to the United States there was no return flow of the purchasing power of dollars received for gold, culminated in an unfavorable balance of trade for France.

Too Much Gold

THE MOUNTAIN of gold coming into the United States, growing higher day by day, now pushing our gold stocks above 12 billion dollars (more than half the world's visible supply), has proved of no little embarrassment to our Government. By December last it had reached such staggering proportions that the Treasury decided to "sterilize" it.

Through its sterilization scheme, the Treasury continues to buy gold as before, but pays for it either through short-term borrowing from the banks or from its general fund, and buries it in its inactive gold account. Thus it puts an end to the undue credit expansion previously caused by the influx of gold.

To minimize fluctuations and thus to stabilize their currencies, the United States, Great Britain, and France last October entered into a tri-partite agreement (later joined by Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland). Through use of their stabilization funds—created by each country out of the "profits" made when its currency was devalued—they sought to maintain parity among the three currencies through transactions in gold, silver, currency, and foreign exchange.

Despite devaluation of the franc, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau announced that the tripartite agreement would still continue in force as before.

Stabilization

EVENTS now bring to light hitherto unrevealed salient facts about two of the three stabilization funds: France's and England's.

M. Bonnet, in receiving permission for a new loan from the Bank of France, admitted that practically all of the 10,000,000,000 francs ($450,000,000) of gold in the French fund had been depleted by selling gold to bolster the franc.

At the same time, in England, Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Simon asked the House of Commons for an additional £200,000,000 ($1,000,000,000) to add to Britain's fund of £350,000,000 ($2,000,000,000).

By these two disclosures, it came to light that the brunt of stabilization had been carried on by Britain and America.

About our own $2,000,000,000 stabilization fund, Secretary of the Treasury Morganthau kept his own counsel, maintained the strictest secrecy about its operations, merely commented that it was "adequate" and would not be increased.

To bring relief to the Government from its gold buying policy (and to other nations) observers saw four outs:

1. A reduction in the price of gold. This would make the dollar more valuable in terms of gold, but would automatically decrease and possibly wipe out the $2,800,000,000 "profit" that accrued to the Treasury when the dollar was devalued in 1934. More important, it would be a vast deflationary move, bringing about a huge drop in commodity prices. To this suggestion, President Roosevelt commits himself to a policy of maintaining the present price for gold.

2. An agreement with gold-producing nations to limit the output of gold.

3. Setting up of an open market for gold in the United States.

4. The levying of a wholly new tax on gold profits.

To all these suggestions, the Government has been noncommittal. Nevertheless, the inactive gold account, now swelled above $1,000,000,000 and increasingly dislocating the budget, provided the Treasury with food for thought.

Wheat Prospects

IN SHARP contrast with the lethargy prevailing in stocks, certain divisions of the commodity list have furnished their usual mid-summer quota of thrills. Wheat, of course, has monopolized the spotlight to a large extent, although the coarser grains have participated in the activity. An advance of approximately 20 cents per bushel in about two weeks reflects the tight supply situation in the world's chief bread staple, and the anxiety with which the Western World views the outlook.

This phenomenal rise in wheat was intensified by the complacency with which the prospect previously had been viewed. Ample, if not bumper, yields were expected for North America. The Secretary of Agriculture, presumed to have at his command all factual even if only potential data regarding yield indications, had expressed fears of a production that would put prices to a point so low that only the adoption of the "ever-normal granary" idea would avert disaster. However, along in the early part of June a veteran crop observer had given warning of the black-rust menace. Infestation was discovered over scattered but widespread areas, and this paved the way for "crop experts" to sound the tocsin of disaster.

In all probability the advance in wheat prices would not have been so pronounced had it not been for the admittedly tight world supply situation. Even assuming an increase of approximately a quarter of a million bushels in the North American crop, including the United States and Canada, world stocks of wheat will show little change from last season. World supplies of wheat, including this season's production and the carryover (but excluding Russia and China), will be only around 4,350,000,000 bushels, or slightly larger than the 4,295,000,000 bushels for the 1936-37 season.

This showing is based on the assumption that production of the United States and Canada is unimpaired from prospects of a month ago. Should claims of black-rust damage be even approximately confirmed, and if it is assumed that the drought in the Saskatchewan district of Canada has seriously curtailed the output there, the world position of wheat will be as tight as last season unless the Southern Hemisphere comes forward with big crops in Argentina and Australia.

SCIENCE & RESEARCH

TO SAVE one woman from cancer's lethal horror vast wealth is amassed, many times the price of medicine's most cunning experts, many times the cost of focusing upon a qualification all the scientific understanding of neoplasm's frenzied propagation. This wealth, this knowledge, these experts are in vain. She dies. The Jane Coffin Childs Memorial Fund for Scientific Research comes into being: a $10,000,000 gift to Yale to be devoted primarily to medical researches into the causes and origins of cancer.

In 1900, this modern plague killed 63 per 100,000 of population—tenth on the mortality list. Now the yearly toll has leaped higher than 107 per 100,000—second only to that of the diseases of the heart and blood vessels. This year, in the U. S. alone, 150,000 persons will die of cancer. And experts are predicting that its mortality will not become stationary until after a further rise of 50 per cent—attained probably by 1987. Cancer research lags far behind research in other fields of medicine.

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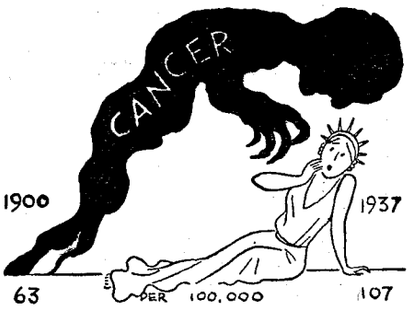
In 1900 our expectation of life was less than fifty years. Today it is more than sixty. Diminishing numbers fall prey to typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and other plagues formerly of prime importance. Hence, increasing numbers are being delivered over to cancer—which strikes mainly in the older age brackets. A blight known for 3,000 years becomes at last the second most murderous, remains the most horrific, remains the most mysterious.

Widespread and fear-allaying is the impression that thousands of foremost scientific brains—in large institutions with ample funds—are magnificently advancing toward early control of man's evilest ill. Yet no such big foundation yet exists. Meanwhile, industry lavishes scores of millions upon its laboratories. By the tens of thousands our keenest scientific detectives, who perforce must consider their dependents, turn more profitably to creating cellophane, synthetic rubber, new lamps, and anti-knock gasoline.

Cancer is the nation's most stupendous problem: but our national treasury earmarks (1936) more than $500,000 for investigations on the diseases of domestic animals, $846,000 for research on cotton, billions for projects ineffable—and against cancer, $100,000, most of which does not go to fundamental research.

In 3,000 years, no new *principle* of treatment has been devised against



malignant neoplasms—cancer's wildly multiplying cells. The surgeon's skillful knife? The ancients thought to cut out berserk growths. The penetrating beams of radium and of X-ray? These have their counterpart in the powerful caustics applied millennia ago. Nevertheless cancer, if treated early, is among the most curable of diseases.

This Childs Memorial Fund not only triples our total endowment for cancer research; it at last provides adequately for a real cancer-research center. For all its stupefying intricacy, for all its darkest shrouds, cancer is but a biochemical enigma. It is entirely susceptible to laboratory coöperations not unlike those which have turned up insulin, vitamins, hormones, viruses.

Will medicine continue to be superstitious for the advent of cancer's Darwin —and cling to individualistic ineffectiveness? Or will the new fund be used to construct a unified mechanism—a mighty robot—for grinding out discoveries that pierce vitally to cancer's origins? Industry thrives amazingly on huge but precisely organized laboratory machinery. So can cancer research.

For 1938: Spots!

ASTRONOMERS turn from their lenses to tell us that as 1938 approaches the number of sunspots is rising to a novel maximum. Perhaps 1938 will top 1870, spottiest year in celestial annals.

Practically everything under the sun has at one time or another been attributed to the ageless, eleven-year cycling of solar activity. Yet scientific certainty as to the actual terrestrial influence of these solar tornadoes extends only to relatively minor electromagnetic disturbances.

Thus, this winter, northern lights should shimmer with more beauteous brilliance. Magnetic compasses should swirl crazily. Radio and long-distance phone service should suffer some disruption.

As advance notice of strange events to come, short-wave police-calls with a maximum range usually of a mere fifty miles are being readily heard across the Atlantic. And the most vicious and lengthiest (five-day) magnetic storm on record has lately shown up, to the dismay of broadcasters.

Weather? Tree-rings, glacier-clay deposits, rainfall records, impel Dr. Charles G. Abbott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, as well as other leading scientists, to prophesy that next year will be wet.

Earthquakes? Hurricanes? Depressions? War? Science does not know.

SPORTS

TO A WHOPPING majority of American sports fans, the most nerve-tingling event in a championship track meet is the mile run, generally conceded tops as an all-round test of foot-racing stamina, speed, and strategy.

Running a mile in less than 4 minutes 10 seconds is as rare as pole-vaulting higher than fourteen feet. Only eleven times in history has a mile race been won in less than 4:10. The world record, set in 1934 by Glenn Cunningham, is 4:06.7.

When, at Milwaukee on July 3 Cunningham won the National Amateur Athletic Union 1,500-meter run in 3:57.8, many a mathematically-minded track fan got out paper and pencil, tried to figure the corresponding time for a mile. The yardage system of running races, long (1876 to 1931) the standard for A.A.U. meets, still is more popular with fans.

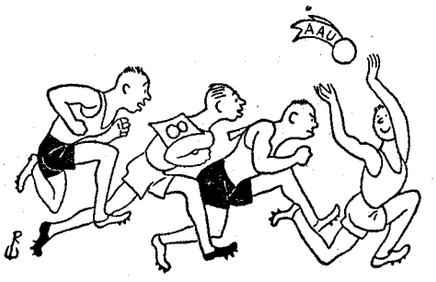
Comparisons are complicated by the fact that 1,500-meters is 119 yards, one foot, 7 and ¼ inches short of a mile. The 1,500-meter record, set at the last Olympic Games by New Zealand's Jack Lovelock, is 3 minutes 47 and 8/10 seconds.

To establish that record, the frail Lovelock had to beat Cunningham, burly, barrel-chested, who for four years had been racing against, and usually beating, the world's fastest milers. The previous champion, Princeton's William R. Bonthron, also had to outdistance Cunningham (1935) to set the old mark of 3:48.8.

In mile and 1,500-meter running, top-flight competition is essential to record-making. A man can't go out alone and crack a world mark. He has to have fast company to spur him on.

With the retirement last year of Lovelock and Bonthron, the world's fastest competition at the mile and 1,500 meters is supplied by Cunningham, now running for the New York Curb Exchange; Archie San Romani, of Kansas Teachers College; Donald Lash, of Indiana University, and Gene Venzke, whose jersey bears the winged foot of the New York Athletic Club.

Most promising pretender to the throne now held by the veteran Cunningham is San Romani. Last month (on the Palmer Stadium track at Princeton, New Jersey) San Romani covered the mile in 4:07.2, so closely followed by Lash that it took the judges five minutes to decide the winner.



In the 1500-meter at Milwaukee, as San Romani challenged Cunningham, suddenly Cunningham was left alone. San Romani lay writhing on the ground. He had stumbled, hurt his leg, met defeat.

Raceway 300

ROOSEVELT Raceway at Westbury, Long Island, promises to become America's premier auto course, even eclipsing the Indianapolis Speedway, hoary with age and prestige. Roosevelt races of last October and last week drew a flock of Eminent Europeans—not so at 1937 Indianapolis, though once the Hoosier capital swarmed with foreign flashmen.

Last week's cars from abroad included three German Auto-Unions, two German Mercedes, and three Italian Alfa-Romeos.

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The German machines were massive and noisy. The Auto-Unions had their 16-cylinder motors in back, behind the driver, for better balance. The Mercedes, famed in American race history, were 8-cylindered and more conventional. German racing color: silver, instead of the old white. The "German" drivers were German, Italo-German, and English.

Italian Alfa-Romeos (Mussolini's pet make) were smaller in size and red, historic Italian racing color. They were 6-wheelers, with double wheels in back in case of tire trouble. Famed Tazio Nuvolari, Italian Roosevelt winner last fall, drove one. Other A-R pilots were Norwegian and American. Europeans' cars were factory ads, by and large, while the little Americans were home-made, individual jobs or else polychrome products of Harry Miller's California racing shop.

This Roosevelt "pretzel" course, a combination of road and speedway racing, had been simplified; the distance was round and round for 300 miles. Despite 45-year-old Nuvolari's fame, 27-year-old Bernd Rosemeyer (Auto-Union) was pre-race favorite, coached by his pretty, blonde new wife, Elly Beinhorn, internationally famous German aviatrix. American champ was Wilbur Shaw, 1937 winner over the slippery Indianapolis bricks. His was a borrowed red Italian Maserati. But victory went to Rosemeyer.

PEOPLE

HUSKY as one of his state's own coal miners, and as energetic, Governor ***George H. Earle*** of Pennsylvania has a flair for dramatic gestures. He plays polo, flies an autogyro, breeds dachshunds. He recently dived overboard fully clothed to rescue a favorite dog.

A wealthy Philadelphia business man, he is nevertheless an ardent New Dealer with a mile-wide social conscience. He says he enjoys the governorship now that the legislature has passed a Little Wagner Act, a 44-hour-week law and a wages-and-hours law for women and children.

For three generations his family had been Republicans, but Earle plumped for Roosevelt in 1932. His reward, the position of Minister to Austria, might have quieted another man, but Earle kept his name in the headlines with denunciations of Hitler. When in 1934 he became the first Democrat in forty years to win the governorship of Pennsylvania, the headlines screamed in earnest.

Promptly, Democratic politicians evaluated his assets as presidential timber. He was a friend of President Roosevelt, had the support of John L. Lewis, had showed ability to carry a state with 36 Electoral votes and, Heaven knew, had the knack of staying in the public eye. It was characteristic of him, they decided, when he dramatically declared martial law to close the struck steel plant at Johnstown, then quickly called it off and, on July 4, flew through a rainstorm to tell strike sympathisers at Johnstown that "you don't need violence when you have . . . Roosevelt . . . and a governor like me."

In view of his somewhat theatrical record, they cannot take him seriously in his shrinking violet role toward the next Democratic nomination for President. "I am for Roosevelt in 1940," said Earle late last month. Two months earlier he had deplored "Governors who are bitten by the presidential bug." But between-times, addressing a banquet of the Southern Society in Washington, he had praised the South for giving him his wife and giving the country Jeffersonian Democracy. Politicians saw that speech as a delicate bid for Southern support.

• •

John Blythe Barrymore pursues his radio exploitation of "streamlined Shakespeare" every Monday with the solemn conviction that even stoic old trouper, Uncle John Drew, were he alive, would hesitate thirty seconds before drawling, "So the last two male Barrymores have become prostitutes!"

Barrymore has long believed that Shakespeare wrote with an eye to the public, gave to his works a melodramatic appeal seething with life—not ancient, but forever modern. "If Shakespeare could see the reverence with which his plays are treated," Barrymore once snorted, "his bones would rattle like dice."

Tall, handsome, impetuous, though now 55, Barrymore first conceived his notion in 1920 when he rendered "Richard III," and again in 1924 when his portrayal of "Hamlet" brought Shakespeare back to the tradition of popular drama. Cramped

by limitations of the stage, the actor took his idea to Hollywood but had to put it to bed for a few years. Cinema magnates preferred to bewhisker the handsome profile and contort the slender Barrymore frame to suit weird, melodramatic parts then in vogue.

Of his first silent picture days Mr. Barrymore comments: "I made a picture called 'The Mad Genius,' and little children fled screaming from the theaters. I did 'Svengali,' and the only effect it had upon audiences was to make them declare that John Barrymore had gone nuts."

After 1925, producers realized their mistake, began to exploit the dormant talents and charm hitherto concealed beneath crepe hair and make-up disguises. His suggestions concerning Shakespearian productions were heeded. The great master's plays were censored, whittled down, and produced. Barrymore rejoiced. The pictures brought fair box-office receipts from the very first, culminating in the recent overwhelming success of "Romeo and Juliet."

Then came the present call from radio. National Broadcasting Company outlined a series of programs in which John Barrymore and his reconciled fourth wife, Elaine Barrie, will carry the glorification of a modern Shakespeare to new heights.

Thus the Barrymore tradition carries on. Still further to pacify the bones of trouper ancestors, Ethel Barrymore will return to the stage next fall in Sidney Howard's new play for the Theater Guild, "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle."

Obituary

Charles Lathrop Pack, president of American Tree Association, 80, June 14.

William P. Connery, Jr., Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, 48, June 15.

Ambrose Swasey, precision tool maker, 90, June 15.

Morgan J. O'Brien, former Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the N. Y. Supreme Court and prominent Catholic layman, 85, June 16.

Gaston Doumergue, ex-President and former Premier of France, 73, June 18.

Sir James M. Barrie, English author and creator of *Peter Pan,* 77, June 19.

Franklin W. Fort, former Representative from New Jersey, 57, June 20.

Sir Eric Geddes, British industrialist, First Lord of the Admiralty 1917-18, 61, June 22.

Hugh L. Cooper, hydroelectric engineer, designer of Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals and Dnieprostroy Dam in Russia, 72, June 24.

Adolfo Alejandro Nouel, former President of Dominican Republic, 75, June 26.

William McAndrew, educator, who left his imprint on New York and Chicago public school systems, 73, June 27.

Frank A. Vanderlip, New York banker, 72, June 29.

Frederic A. Juilliard, president of the Juilliard Music Foundation, 70, June 29

John Thomas Underwood, inventor of the first "visible" typewriter, 80, July 2.

John Albert Cousens, president of Tufts College, 62, July 2.

Jacob Schick, retired army officer who invented the Schick electric dry shaver, 59, July 3.

Walter Cary, vice president of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, 66, July 3.

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UNFAIR

to mediation boards!

Other Cabinet officials remain silent while the Secretary of Labor speaks out boldly on sit-down strikes.

Frances Perkins pays a visit to a Pittsburgh steel mill, finds friends among grinning, grimy puddlers.

PHOTOS BY INTERNATIONAL

FRANCES PERKINS would be the first to admit that 1937 has been the most trying year of her administrative career. First there was the sit-down craze, fanning out over the country from the Detroit auto plants. Then came the walk-out in the independent steel companies---Republic, Inland, and Youngstown Sheet and Tube. Next, it is predicted, will come the tie-up of Henry Ford's assembly lines.

When that day arrives, what can the head of the Department of Labor do that she has not already attempted in the way of mediation, doggedly but without success? In January, she coaxed, wheedled, and demanded, but could not hold Alfred P. Sloan in one of her red-leather office chairs long enough for a conference with John L. Lewis.

Almost on the point of tears, she burst out to reporters: "He ran out on me!"

Informal mediation having thus failed dismally, she asked Congress for power to act in more formal manner. It would be helpful, she observed, if the House and Senate would pass legislation authorizing her department "to issue subpoenas for the production of books, papers, records, and witnesses" for inquiring into strikes and other phases of industrial warfare.

Congress, ever jealous of the privilege of conducting its own investigations, was polite but uninterested. Labor itself was downright indignant. Said William Green, president of the A. F. of L.: "It is only a step from compulsory attendance at hearings and the compulsory submission of testimony under oath . . . to the compulsory acceptance of departmental decisions. That would be compulsory arbitration."

Miss Perkins next climbed on to the front page of the nation's press by speaking boldly on a subject which other administration officials did not even like to whisper about—the sit-down technique. No word of approval or disapproval came from the White House when General Motors workers used this potent strike weapon. No cabinet official lauded or condemned the men who lounged on automobile cushions in the Flint plants. Until, that is, the Secretary of Labor announced: "There was a time when picketing was considered illegal and before that strikes of any kind were illegal. The legality of the sit-down strike has yet to be determined."

Conservative leaders in public life stormed. Editorial writers who had been denouncing the U. A. W.'s "Communistic importation" jumped to their typewriters to heap scorn on the first woman Cabinet member.

Having experienced so stormy a sea in the early part of the year, Frances Perkins decided in mid-June to entrust the fate of labor mediation to other hands. The men she picked to bring peace to the strike-torn steel mills could not have been more adroitly selected. Charles P. Taft was the son of the late President, and a highly respected liberal Republican. Lloyd K. Garrison had once been chairman of the National Labor Relations Board. Edward F. McGrady was the Labor Department's most accomplished trouble-shooter.

It is not Miss Perkins' fault that this board has not been able to budge either the steel officers or the strike leaders from their positions. But it leaves her facing once more the question of where to go from here.

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PHOTOS BY ALAN S. HACKER

The East Side Union Club parks its members in an open air lobby. The dancers below eye the pianist

Cellar Clubs

BREEDING PLACES of crime and a menace to morals," says a tenement house commissioner.

"Absolutely necessary to underprivileged youngsters so long as social agencies fail to provide for them," say social workers.

"Ought to be licensed by the police," says a resolution before New York City's Board of Aldermen.

"In their desire to get away from the drab existence of their homes," says that city's Associate Superintendent of Schools, "these youth groups in a true coöperative spirit build for themselves a second home. We must attack the problem in a positive way rather than in a negative way."

The object of these swirling words is the depression-born cellar social club, where city youngsters of America have hung out a shingle and become practicing physicians intent on relieving their own ills. The shingle is not graced by a chaste M.D. or by any other degree. Its lettering is usually garish. "Manhattan Nut Club," it is apt to read, or "Hotcha Debutantes."

Today the tens of thousands such clubs are being told that their ministrations to the community are unnecessary, unwanted, even menacing.

Though New York City is the current storm center of the controversy the phenomenon of cellar clubs is not confined to a single city nor even to a single region. Educators and social workers know that this peculiarly American practice exists, in one form or another, in every industrial center in the nation, in every slum area, wherever persons between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five find no other outlet for normal recreational needs. Even in rural sections there is a social club membership running into millions, not cellar clubs but groups corresponding in essentials to the city club that uses a tenement cellar or a basement store for its quarters.

Today cellar clubs are found in every neighborhood where low-priced apartments are in the majority. Lieutenant McGillicudy of the Juvenile Aid Bureau (New York City) tells of a single Brooklyn block where forty-odd social clubs flourish. One block of St. Marks Place, on the East Side, houses more than twenty social clubs. All of these, demand some officials, ought to be wiped out, cleaned up, put directly under the supervision of the police department.

What are the dire crimes perpetrated by the cellar clubs and their memberships? Opponents have their answers pat: all sorts of laws are broken, sex crimes "originate" in the clubs, gambling goes on, boys and girls spend evenings in the dimly lit rooms without chaperons of any sort.

One East Side police precinct, says a spokesman there, "can trace 500 sex

Lectures and classes for those who look to the future

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It's the pitcher's wind-up that counts

Man, O Man, would you look at that ball!

crimes as having originated in cellar clubs." But no arrests have been made for these 500 crimes, and few complaints have been filed by mothers of young girls.

As soon as the drive against cellar clubs began, parents, as well as the quarter-million club members of New York City, began a counter-drive to enlist public interest toward providing leadership and guidance for the clubs instead of eliminating them.

Parents realize that housing laws, or health and fire laws, are being violated in some measure. They know that occasionally sex crimes are committed in the clubs. They know that there is some gambling. They know that youngsters sometimes go to extremes. But they know why the clubs exist.

A typical place is the Manhattan Nut Club, at 277 East Seventh Street. Its members, young men between eighteen and twenty-three, grew up together, went to school, and were fellow-members of settlement house clubs in their neighborhood. All the members live within three blocks of the club, which has been in existence for two years. It was formed when the boys (most of whom had left high school after a year or two, in order to help support their families) found themselves in desperate need of a place where they could gather to play cards or checkers or pingpong, to listen to a radio; a place to which they could bring their girl friends for an evening's dancing or loafing.

Tenement homes provide meager facilities for any sort of social life. Families are crowded into cold-water flats where, even when the combined living-room-dining-room-kitchen is not used for sleeping room, there is neither space nor equipment for games or dancing, nor for more than two or three visitors at one time.

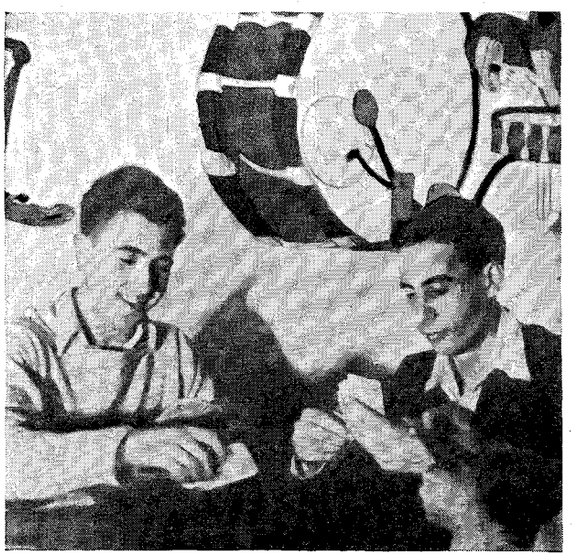
The boys held a conference two years ago. They didn't like to spend their evenings on the dismal, garbage-scented street corners of the neighborhood. They couldn't afford movies very often. They wanted to go dancing with the neighborhood girls but they couldn't afford tickets for two oftener than once a month, perhaps. They formed their own club.

The clubrooms, the basement of an ancient brick house, costs $22 a month plus a few dollars for light. Dues are thirty cents a week. The boys, almost all of whom are employed, work as errand boys, clerks, electricians' and truckmen's helpers: all low-paid jobs, what social workers call "blind-alley jobs." They can spend thirty cents a week on entertainment; not much more, because their salaries pay the rent and provide the food for their families.

With a few odds and ends of furniture, bought from a secondhand dealer, a radio, a piano left behind by a family too poor to pay for moving it, the clubrooms were furnished. For months the boys spent all their spare hours plastering the walls, painting, wiring for lamps and ceiling lights. A typewriter was acquired during a particularly prosperous period.

The Manhattan Nut Club is not a startlingly beautiful, not even a well equipped recreation center. But to the youngsters concerned it is an answer to their problem. It is their way to keep themselves off the streets. It is the only place where they can spend their evenings

(*Continued on page 38*)



Shall we dance? But dancers wait while others argue over just what is Cellar Song Hit No. 1

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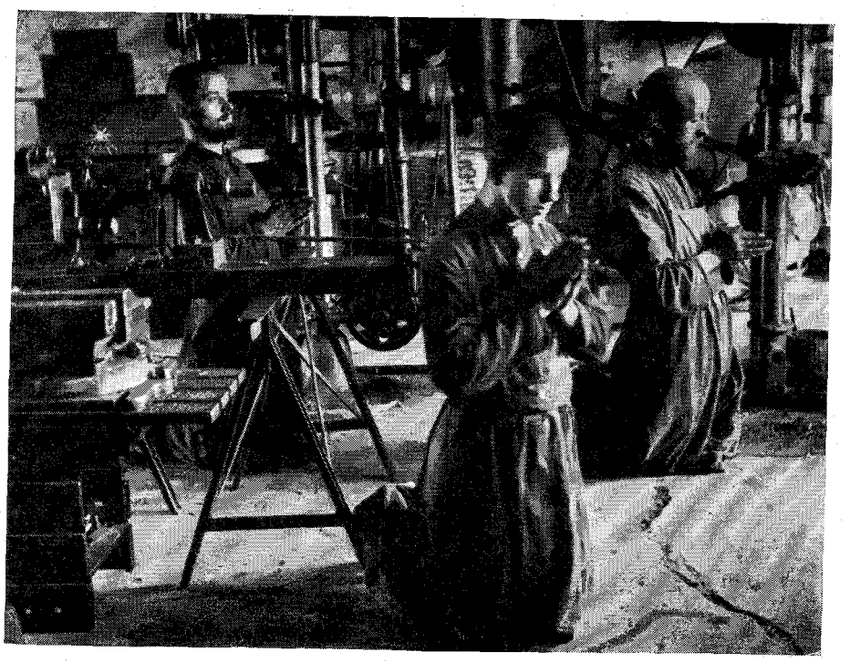
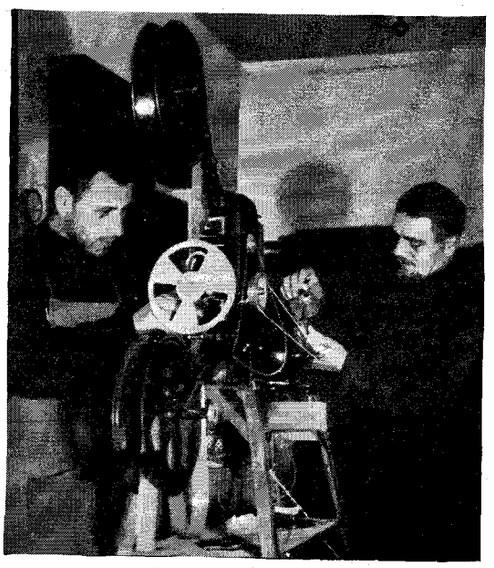


Left—The modern Angelus brings Benedictines to their knees midst lathes and machine tools. Below—A sup of milk for teamsters

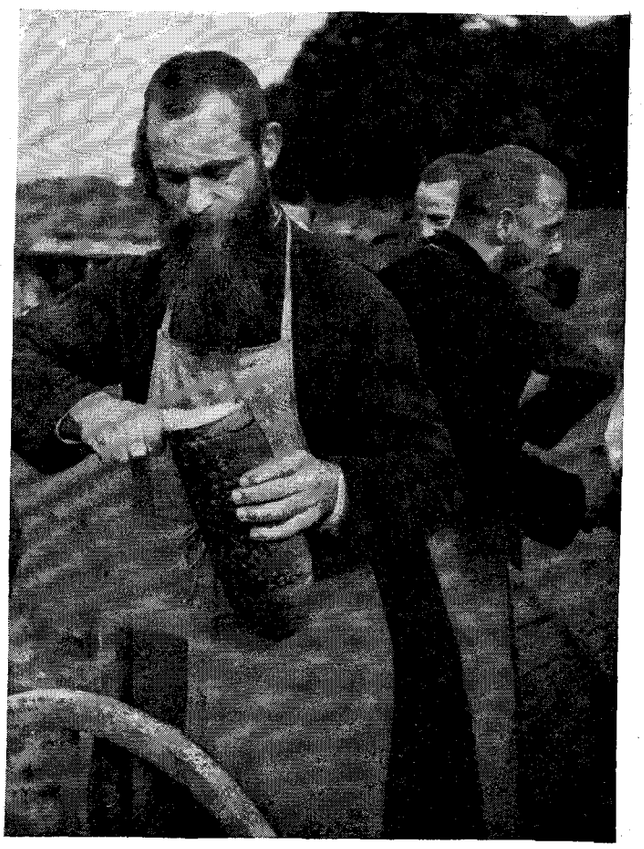
PHOTOS BY BLACK STAR

Monks make movies—without a heroine



BLACK

Field workers are hearty eaters whether they be monks or peasants



An earthly shepherd

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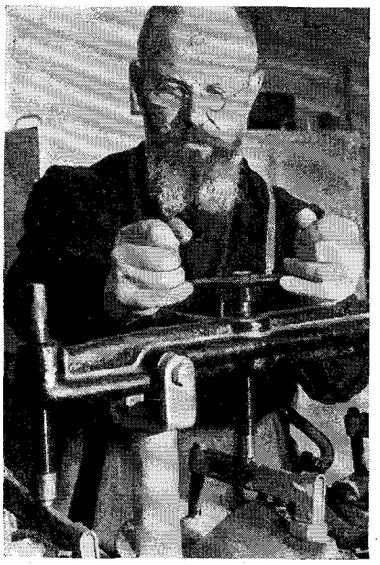


"By the work of their hands" are the Benedictines known

A bearded typist taps "Please remit"

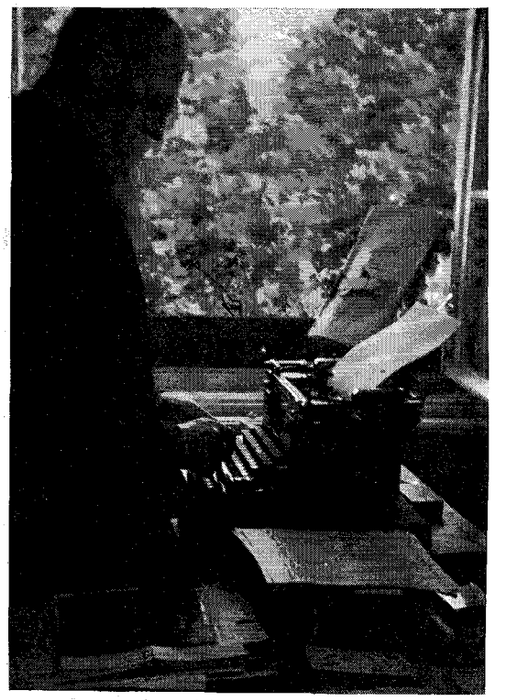
MONKS

The quiet German orders make bold news in the speeches of Goebbels

ACCUSED by the Hitler faction of immorality and of infidelity to Germany, the monasteries of that country are undergoing a campaign of persecution. Here is a picture-story of the Benedictine (Black) Monks of St. Ottilien, the largest monastery in Germany. It is located near Munich in Bavaria, the Catholic stronghold and the locale of most of the Hitler attacks on the Catholic clergy and the monastic orders.

These monks, with a 1400-year old tradition, live under a monastic life which forbids them laughter—a not difficult vow in the present political situation. Hitler notwithstanding, the monks lead simple, hospitable lives devoted to work.

The Benedictine order was founded by St. Benedict about 529. It was at first intended to be only a philosophy of life, but within its first century the order was formed. The Benedictines, famous for their manufacture of a liqueur, were the saviors of Christian art in Western Europe. At St. Ottilien, their vows of industry have taken them from crude handwork to highly mechanized production.



The horseshoer plies an ancient trade

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PRO

Supporting government labor policies in the steel crisis

WE HAVE trouble grasping the logic of our conservative contemporaries who demand that President Roosevelt remain neutral in the Little Steel-CIO, Tom Girdler-John L. Lewis fight It seems the President has some sacred duty to be neutral

These conservatives have apparently forgotten the campaign of 1936. In that campaign, Mr Roosevelt declared himself on the side of organized labor as against the "economic royalists"; on the side of higher living standards and sustained mass purchasing power to be achieved through labor organizations bargaining collectively with employers He didn't promise to be neutral He had long since signed the Wagner Labor Relations Act, July 5, 1935.

The President has not pretended to be neutral on collective bargaining, and we don't see how the conservative press can expect him to change now These papers, incidentally, bargain collectively with closed unions in their own plants, without the injury to their Americanism which they fear Little Steel would suffer under a CIO contract.

—New York *Daily News*

The four steel companies which are refusing to bargain with the union had a legal right to try to open their plants, in the face of the union's efforts to stop them, and it is natural that they should have wished to take advantage of that right. At the same time, we are glad President Roosevelt, acting at the request of Chairman Taft of the Federal mediation board, successfully urged them to shut down. In all likelihood, more lives would have been sacrificed, if the companies had proceeded with their plans to operate the mills.

One can readily understand the reluctance of the four steel companies now involved in the strike to sign a contract with the C.I.O. in view of the fact that the C.I.O. officers apparently are unable to control some of their subordinates. No one wants to sign an agreement, if the other party to it cannot be relied on to abide by its terms.

At the same time, a question arises as to the legality of the position now assumed by Mr. Girdler and the heads of the three other companies who say they are unwilling to make any sort of agreement with the C.I.O. Under the Wagner act, which has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court, employers must bargain collectively with their employees. What is one to say, then, of the legal status of corporation executives who announce in advance that they will make no agreement, either written or oral, with an organization representing a substantial percentage of their workers?

—Richmond *Times-Dispatch*

Pleas for the "right to work" would come with more persuasion from the workers who want to work than from Tom Girdler.

Every worker wants the right to work, but does every worker want it during this steel strike? Obviously some thousands don't. How many do? Nobody knows—there has been no vote Who is to speak for the anti-strikers? Not Tom Girdler—he doesn't believe in workers having any collective voice wholly independent of the company Who then? That is Tom's dilemma. Since he doesn't want workers to speak in undominated collectivism, there is no voice but his to say how many workers don't want to strike—and his voice can't be clearly accepted as the voice of labor.

If ever a situation needed a peaceful election as an alternative to hard-boiled rough stuff and consequent bloodshed, this is it. Phil Murray says he will abide by an election. Tom Girdler says he will raise apples first

This problem can be solved through an election by the workers to see what they want to do, and that is the only way it can be solved without more labor bloodshed than this country has ever seen—Homestead not excepted.

This is no time for that. There is too much ballyhoo for class warfare already Killing workers in the street isn't ballyhoo for class war. It is the beginning of it.

—Hugh S. Johnson in New York *World-Telegram*

There is only one time to prevent an explosion. That time is—before it occurs.

An explosion was in the making at Johnstown.

Governor Earle of Pennsylvania courageously proclaimed a form of martial law before the explosion took place.

So, instead of bloodshed, rioting, murder—anarchy—

Peace reigns in Johnstown today

Thanks to the determination of a brave Governor, there will be no bloodstains either on Bethlehem's doorstep or upon the public conscience.

Above all, Governor Earle has preserved that fundamental requirement of a civilized country—law and order

And he has done so by insisting that both sides yield for the public good.

Peace reigns today—because Pennsylvania, luckily, has a liberal Governor who is willing to put the public welfare above not only the rights of labor but also above the rights of selfish magnates to whom the admixture of steel and blood seems neither abhorrent nor even disturbing.

The phrase "law and order" has been given new significance in Pennsylvania. It means the same thing for employers as it does for workers.

—New York *Post*

To the rescue—Richmond Times Dispatch

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CON

Opposing form of governmental intervention in labor dispute

THOSE who have become gravely disturbed over the present labor situation have, within the year, witnessed the Secretary of Labor, along with other federal officials, condoning the seizure of property in sit-down strikes. They have witnessed mobs, frequently comprising but a small minority of the workers concerned, forcing the closure of plants and preventing men who wish to work from attaining a livelihood. They have seen whole communities paralyzed by the edict of labor leaders. And they have seen even the carriers of the United States mails stopped and subjected to search and scrutiny.

And they have wondered what will come next. They are wondering whether an irreparable damage is not being done to American democracy—resting, as it does, on a basis of law and order—when those in high places either ignore lawless actions or encourage them by permitting the use of their names in connection with them or by indulging in ill-conceived remarks.

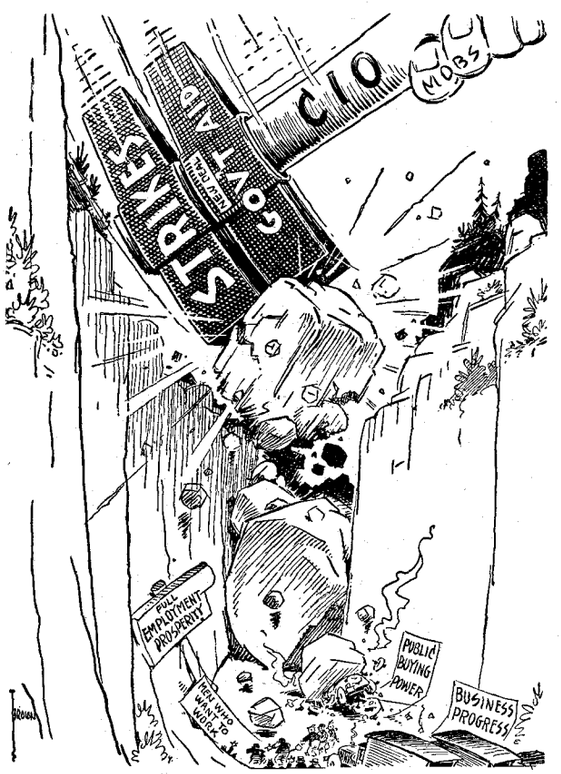
—Franklyn Waltman in Washington *Post*

The National Guard of Ohio and Pennsylvania in the disordered areas is on duty with its guns trained not on the insurgents who cause the bloodshed and violence but on the local enforcement officials, police, and sheriffs, and on company employes who have been at work or would go to work if the public peace would be preserved.

There is no strike. There are no strike breakers. The workers are the company employes. The C. I. O. is not a labor union. It is an organizing committee. John Lewis, leader of the insurgents against the law, is a political figure who intends to increase his stature and expand his power. He already controls the mails, runs the department of labor, and has the troops of three states at his disposal. Soon he will be a cubit taller than the President. He has troops of his own and can abrogate laws.

In every instance of recent labor controversy where the state has yielded to the instructions from Washington an outlandish and anarchical perversion of law has resulted. When men have illegally occupied property the governor of the state has used force to prevent the service of writs, to require the service of good supplies, heat and light, and to defend the violent element from ejection. When the plants are legally occupied by workers who want to work, the government has used its forces to starve them out and to prevent the dispersal of the mass picketing which imprisons them.

—Chicago *Tribune*



Adding another sledge to the handle—New York Herald-Tribune

Whatever may be the outcome of the current controversy in steel, it will not be forgotten that government, national and state, fought on the side of the strikers. Instead of maintaining an attitude of neutrality, protecting the constitutional rights of workers and employers, it has thrown the weight of its power to the side of Lewis and his aggressive organizers.

When all this is said, however, the fact remains that the part government has played is the part of a partisan, not a neutral. It has winked at the illegal sit-down strike. It has ignored the violation of law involved in the wholesale arming of pickets. It has closed the mails to those who would send packages to beleaguered workers. It has taken no action against men who by violent means interrupt rail transportation.

We thought Chairman Girdler of the Republic was wrong in refusing to sign a contract with C.I.O. Now that he has extended the refusal to include even an oral agreement, we think him doubly wrong. This is not the way to invite peace in the steel world. It is not the kind of treatment due a federal board set up to find a formula to end the war. This does not, however, excuse a partisan policy on the part of the public authorities.

—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

The New Deal, Federal and state, is fighting for Lewis. This, of course, has been apparent from the beginning of the strike epidemic which Lewis precipitated six long months ago. But from supplying him with negative aid in refusing to enforce the law against his sit-down strikers or his strong-arm pickets, it has now come to his rescue with positive support. Lewis, despite his freedom from anything but local interference to spread his terror as he pleased, was obviously losing the steel strike when the President stepped in with his mediation board, prefacing his intervention by openly taking sides.

Governor Earle immediately accepted the cue in forcibly closing the Bethlehem Steel plant at Johnstown. Governor Davey, reinforced with the President's own plea to the steel makers, has followed suit with similar action at Youngstown. In both Pennsylvania and Ohio the government has ordered its military to the scene of trouble—not to protect the willing worker from Lewis's mobile army of gangsters, but to prevent him from exercising his right to work. Little wonder the Youngstown pickets cheered the soldiers.

Thus we find the New Deal, author of the principle that all workers shall be free to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, abetting a prodigious effort, in defiance of civic order, to deprive them of this very right. One gropes in vain for an explanation unless it is that we are witnessing a deliberate bid for dictatorship.

—New York *Herald-Tribune*

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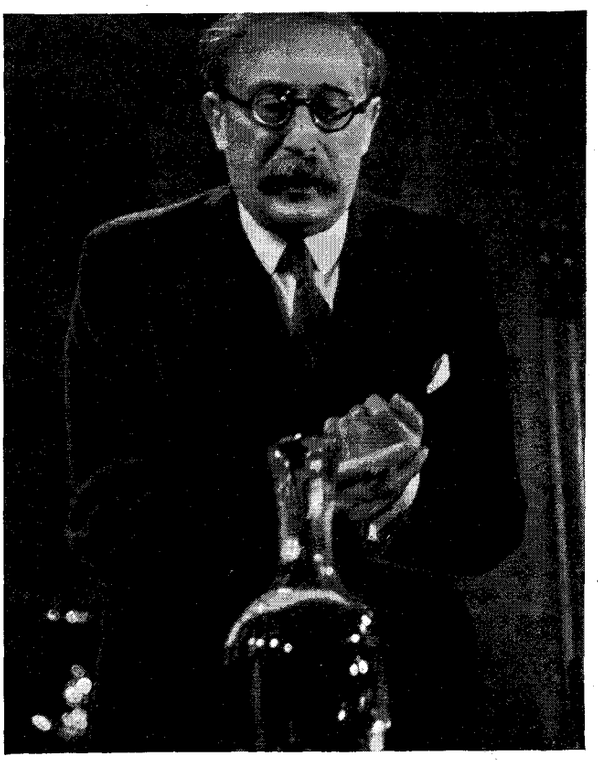
PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

"The Popular Front government was committed to satisfying the working masses"

New Deal in France



Leon Blum, France's first socialist premier. He gave his country a new suit of clothes

IT IS AN OLD French custom to complain and protest, as the French complained and protested from the time Léon Blum formed his Popular Front government a year ago until it gave way last month to the cabinet of Camille Chautemps.

"Growlers," the soldiers of Napoleon were called. They never stopped muttering for a minute. But they always marched along. Now that the sagging franc, the need of restoring French credit, have shifted the country's attention from social welfare to fiscal considerations, the French have opportunity to look back and note just how far their grumbling marches took them during the twelvemonth which ended with Blum's resignation in June.

President Roosevelt began his New Deal in the United States more than four years ago. Léon Blum was forced to compress his New Deal for France into fifty-four short weeks. Some reproach Blum with not having led them far enough during these eventful weeks, with not having "made a revolution." Others on the opposite side of the fence see in this intellectual Parisian, with his wide black hat, bright striped tie and limp moustache, the veritable embodiment of the Antichrist. But all sides agree that during the past year something fundamental in France has been changed.

The French are a people who love to eat home-made jams and stews and to practise hand-sewing. They are a people who wear their clothing down to the thread. Nowhere else, as in France, do housewives know how to patch, mend and sew up again. This talent sometimes gives rise to curious works of art, for instance the Breton fishermen's costumes, made of pieces of red, blue and yellow cloth. But even in France there arrives a time

(*Continued on page 36*)

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PROGRESS

The Editor Defines the Purpose of "The Digest"

OF THE MAKING of magazines there is no end. There are already more than any one can find time to read. In the mighty maze of modern periodical literature the busy man wanders confused, not knowing where to find the precise article that he requires; and often, after losing all his scanty time in the search, he departs unsatisfied. This magazine will honestly endeavor, without fear or favor, without political prejudice or religious intolerance, to represent the best that is said on all sides of all questions.

The foregoing paragraph might well be written today. Actually it was written forty-six years ago, the introductory sentences in my "Programme" printed in the first issue of a new monthly periodical that was to be known as *The Review of Reviews*.

A year earlier, and just around the corner in that same metropolis of New York, the publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls had launched a weekly periodical with a remarkably similar though more limited aim, *The Literary Digest*. "The need for this journal," they said, "is apparent. Very much of the best thought, investigation, and discovery appears in the current periodical literature of Europe and America. The greater part of this is closed to a very large majority of readers. Yet every man who wishes to keep in touch with modern progress must know the subjects discussed in the various magazines, reviews, and leading newspapers of all countries."

It has long been a harmless custom, and withal a pleasant one, for founders of newspapers or magazines to present in baptismal issues their declaration of policy, their justification for launching a new publishing venture. But the easiest part of making a magazine is to make a good statement of policy; it is much harder to live up to it through the years. Probably there never was a bad statement of policy, though there have been bad magazines. This first issue of THE DIGEST furnishes opportunity for a reaffirmation of editorial principles.

It is not a new periodical that is being launched, to fight for a place on crowded newsstands or library tables. THE DIGEST hopes to be welcomed in the place so long accorded to its forebears, *The Review of Reviews* and *The Literary Digest*. The offspring on its very first appearance will enter more than half a million homes. It will receive the critical attention, and we hope approval, of old friends on both sides of the family. It will attract new friends who never really knew either of its parents.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS readers will find few surprises in this initial issue, though they should remember that the next issue will follow after only a week's interval, rather than that of a month.

Literary Digest readers will note three major departments: the first, the Story of a Week, is necessary for an understanding of the others. Its function is to record contemporary events, quickly, briefly, with attention to their origins and trends and to the individuals who father them or are fathered by them. In the second section, and with the "longer view," these events, origins, trends, and individuals will be explored and, we trust, illuminated by experts writing original articles for THE DIGEST. But an adequate mirror of modern history may well reflect more than the ideas and observations of its own editors and contributors. It may well reflect those in other publications as well. Hence our third major department, Reading Around the World.

In this three-sided mirror we believe that it will be possible for our readers to see contemporary history steadily, and to see it as a whole.

OUR 1891 program announced those same distinctive features: "A carefully written survey of events at home and abroad. . . . A readable compendium of all the best articles in the magazines and reviews. . . . A character sketch of some man or woman who has figured conspicuously before the world, written with sympathy and a desire to present the individual as he seems to himself in his best moments rather than as he seems to his enemies at his worst." That was the original purpose of *The Review of Reviews*.

THE DIGEST reaffirms those first principles, and believes that no sounder formula has been invented though thousands of periodicals have come into existence in the intervening years. Our editorial task, now as always, will be to winnow away the chaff and reveal the grain; and our work of selection will be concerned solely with the relative value of the news events to be interpreted, with the merit or demerit of articles to be digested.

With this our new product, which it will be our constant purpose to improve, we have determined to put ourselves in step with the fast-marching publishing age in which we live, to seize what we regard as an opportunity and to meet what we consider a need of that age. Streamlined eight-cylindered automobiles have outmoded the old reliable horse and buggy.

Basically, in fact, that is the need of any age. "To enable the busiest and poorest in the community to know the best thoughts of the wisest; to follow with intelligent interest the movement of contemporary history; and to understand something of the real character of the men and women who rank among the living forces of our time—that is the aim which will constantly be kept in view."

So we said in Volume I, Number 1, of *The Review of Reviews* when that magazine was born in April, 1891. It is still our aim. It will be our aim in THE DIGEST. It is for our readers to say how well, or how badly, we approximate that aim in the years to come.

Albert Shaw.

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Reading Around the World

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Hunting Fire-Bugs

Andrew Boone in *Popular Science*

THERE are more than 8,000 arson fires every year, and because of them you pay higher insurance premiums on your own home. Some authorities say one fire in five is incendiary.

One man, deciding he would burn his own establishment and collect some $60,000 insurance, made detailed plans for the conflagration, rehearsing many times every step except the actual blaze. When everything was ready, he left town and crossed the continent from Los Angeles to New York to build up an alibi.

From the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, one night, he put in a telephone call for his fur store in a downtown Los Angeles building, checked off the seconds on his watch until he was sure the bell had rung fourteen times, replaced the receiver on the hook, and sat down to await results. Three hours later he was handed a telegram reading, "Fire of unknown origin completely destroyed fur stock this morning Loss sixty thousand Hurry home."

Little did he suspect, on reaching California, that firemen had found evidence which soon was to send him to prison. He was permitted to go ahead and file claim for insurance.

But the trump card which was soon to start him toward prison had not yet been played.

One day, two police officers walked into his office.

"We have come to tell you about an interesting mechanical development," they told him. "It consists of a sliver of bamboo notched to fit over a telephone-bell clapper. At the other end of the sliver is a razor blade. When the telephone rings fourteen times, the blade severs a string leading to a spring which, when released, scratches a cluster of matches on the concrete floor and dumps them in a pile of papers. Do you follow us?"

"You've got me boys," he replied, his face blanching.

Uncle Sam's fire bill surpasses that of any other nation. Slowly the fire-bug hunters are winning. In one city, fire-insurance premiums have dropped from $18,000,000 to $9,000,000 in two years—partly because of the war on arson.

The Pope Confesses

***Illustriertes Blatt*, Frankfurt-am-Main**

ON FRIDAY of every week in the year, instead of visitors' kneeling before the Pope in the magnificent apartments of the Vatican, His Holiness himself kneels down before another ordinary, fallible mortal. A simple little priest, who enjoys no glittering rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, slips silently up the stairway to the papal private apartments and in the chapel which adjoins even the most magnificent apartments, hears the confession of His Holiness's sins and gives him absolution.

For the Pope himself—infallible though he may be when he is proclaiming *ex cathedra* a dogma of the Church—is also a human being, and as a human being he is capable of sin. This weekly confession is the supreme expression of the Pope's humanity.

When, however, the obscure priest, unknown to fame, has given absolution to the man who for millions of Catholics is the representative of God Himself, he in his turn kneels down; and in his turn receives a blessing—the blessing of the Pope.

One Man Show.—
Chicago Daily News

Uncle Sam, M. D.

Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen in *Merry-Go-Round*

THERE was considerable excitement when Senator Jim "Ham" Lewis proposed a plan for federalized medicine to the American Medical Association. There would have been much less if it had been realized that Uncle Sam, with his doctor's bag in his hand, already has a thriving practice.

This latest development of the New Deal was conceived by the Resettlement Administration. It was done not for the sake of revolutionizing medical practice, but for the sake of saving Resettlement investments.

RA has made thousands of loans to farmers. A sick farmer can't raise a crop to pay back a loan. So RA considered it good business to keep the farmer well.

Two different plans have been tried. Under one of them, money was lent to farmers to pay doctor bills, and a corporation was created that entered into an arrangement with doctors whereby they

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cut their fees one-third. This has been done widely in North Dakota.

The other is socialized medicine, pure and simple. Resettlement sets up medical co-operatives, each member paying a certain sum, and the doctors receive a fixed income.

How the system works is illustrated by the case of an RA community in Mississippi. There are 386 families in this colony, of whom 246 are members of the medical co-operative. Each family pays $2 a month—$1 for the doctor and $1 for medicine. At the end of the month, the secretary of the co-op pays off the doctors and the druggists by dividing up the money in hand.

In Arkansas, a co-op has been set up on terms of $30 a year per family. This takes care of home and office calls. For hospitalization, rates are cut 50 per cent.

Chasing Away Customers

Peter Molyneaux in *Texas Weekly*

WHEREAS foreign countries are consuming about four million bales more of cotton this year than their average consumption prior to the depression, they are consuming about three million bales less of American cotton. That is why Texas cotton farmers continue to face the choice of restricted production on the one hand or prices below the cost of production on the other. There is no outlook that this situation will improve in the near future. On the contrary, the outlook is that it will grow worse. There is no reason to expect the process of substituting foreign cotton for American cotton to slow up. There is every reason to expect it to continue at a rate determined chiefly by the supply of foreign cotton. And there is every reason also to expect the production of foreign cotton, which has increased from less than 12,000,000 bales in 1928 to more than 17,000,000 bales this year, to continue to expand. We say this, because we see no reason to expect the American Government to change the policies which are chiefly responsible for this situation.

A striking example of how completely ignorant of the present situation even some Texas editors are, and how they lend their columns to propagandists of policies which are calculated to aggravate it, is provided by a "canned" editorial which is just now going the rounds of the Texas press. We have noted it in several county weeklies during the past month, printed as the local editor's own expression in each case, with not a word changed except the name of the town.

It is headed "Buy American" and it reads as follows: "Probably not one Podunk citizen in a hundred ever looks to see where the article he is purchasing was produced, though if more would do so, and more refuse to buy products shipped into this country from abroad, conditions over here would quickly improve. In China and Japan a wage equal to 15 cents a day in our money is considered fair; Germany is not much better and Russia and Belgium are not far behind. How can an American workman compete with wages like that, and how can living conditions over here be kept at their present standard if he has to? If more Americans would look to see where the merchandise they are about to buy was produced, and then refused to buy it if it came from a country where starvation wages, long hours, sweat shops and unsanitary conditions are the rule it would go far toward solving this country's employment problems, and do much to prevent future depressions. 'Buy American' should be every loyal American's slogan from now on."

This is a conglomeration of false logic, unsound economics, adroit misrepresentation, and also of some down-right lying.

The real trouble is that Americans do not buy enough goods from abroad. Their purchases of "finished manufactures" from all the countries of the earth put together last year amounted to less than four dollars per capita, or about one cent per person a day. And all countries mentioned in the "canned" editorial quoted above, except China, bought more from the United States than the American people bought from them.

Of course the "canned" editorial mentioned Japan, for Japan is just now the chief bugaboo which the high tariff propagandists are using to frighten economic children in the United States out of their wits. Well, it happens that Japan is far and away Texas's best customer. And since the first of last August, a period of more than ten months, Japan has bought about three and a half bales of American cotton every minute of the twenty-four hours of every day, including Sundays, most of it from Texas. And yet Texas newspapers are printing "canned" editorials, prepared by some lying propagandist in the East, calculated to rob Japan of the means of paying for Texas cotton. Moreover, they are palming off these "editorials" on their readers as the opinions of their own editors.

Ireland to England: "Is that a private peace?—or can we get in it?"—London Daily Herald

The end of a great tradition?
—Phoenix Arizona Republic

Spoiling a good story.
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

Barbarian Food

T. S. Young in *The China Weekly Review*

OF THE many edibles introduced to our people from foreign countries, possibly no one is more popular than ice cream—an invention of the American genius. Just like chop suey to the Americans, ice cream has in recent years become a very favorite food to our people, especially to the people of the younger

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generation. Throughout the year, ice cream of different flavors can be procured from the market in the big cities, and consumed by the Chinese public with the fastidiousness of a connoisseur. In the Summer season, special shops have to be opened to meet the increasing demand and banners with inscriptions of "ice cream" in big Chinese characters can be seen here and there in the streets of big cities.

Twenty years ago, we did not know of such a quixotic name as ice cream. It would be a great shock to us, if we were served with any icecold dishes, for we had the belief that the eating of anything akin to ice would have the same serious effects upon one's health as the drinking of poison. But things have changed so rapidly and tremendously during the past ten years, that even the old and conservative people can be immune from the influences of this change. It is now a favorite food, the name of which is known even to small children. I tend to believe that its present popularity is not so much due to its food value as to its being a foreign food.

If the consumption of ice cream can be called a sign of modernness, then China is well on the way to become a modern country. At present, ice cream is still considered as a delicacy of the bourgeois class, while the poor people can only avail themselves of that of very dubious quality from the street peddlers. But the name is known to all from the high officials down to the ricksha pullers. Even a farmer fresh from the country is no stranger to that well-known name, although he may not be able to tell what ice cream is and what it looks like. No longer does any one entertain any more scruples in regard to its wholesomeness as an edible and call it a "barbarian" food. It will not be a surprise that ten years from now our consumption of ice cream will be so large, that its manufacture will easily become an important industry in this country.

Serfs of the General Staff

Boake Carter in *New York Mirror*

WHAT do you think of this plan? One man to have—

First. Absolute power over employers and employes, so that all may be at the disposal of the Government, ready to carry out such duties as may be assigned, at wages fixed by the Government.

Second. Full power to close all stock and commodity markets and control prices.

Third. One hundred per cent control over the economic structure of the country, full power to take over any factory, seize the entire transport system.

Fourth. Elimination of all middlemen, suppression of speculation and taking over all distributing stores.

Fifth. Power to seize, upon payment of a price to be set by a Government board, any private property which the State might require.

Sixth. Creation of a special fund of half a billion dollars.

Is this the plan of some new revolutionario in Europe or South America?

No, no indeed. It is simply the synopsis of a confidential memorandum worked out in the War Department and circulated privately, to insure that, in the event of war, the United States would cease instantly to be a democracy and be turned into a totalitarian State over night, with the President of United States the dictator, able to regiment the United States.

The circulation of this memorandum was pushed and backed up with reports that Germany, Britain and France had similar plans on the griddle. The generals and the admirals felt that Congress would pass their proposition in jig time—in case of a world war.

"SPANISH" SOLDIERS—
"Mein Gott! Wer da?"
"Nitchevo!"—Marianne, Paris

A Kleptomaniac's Mind

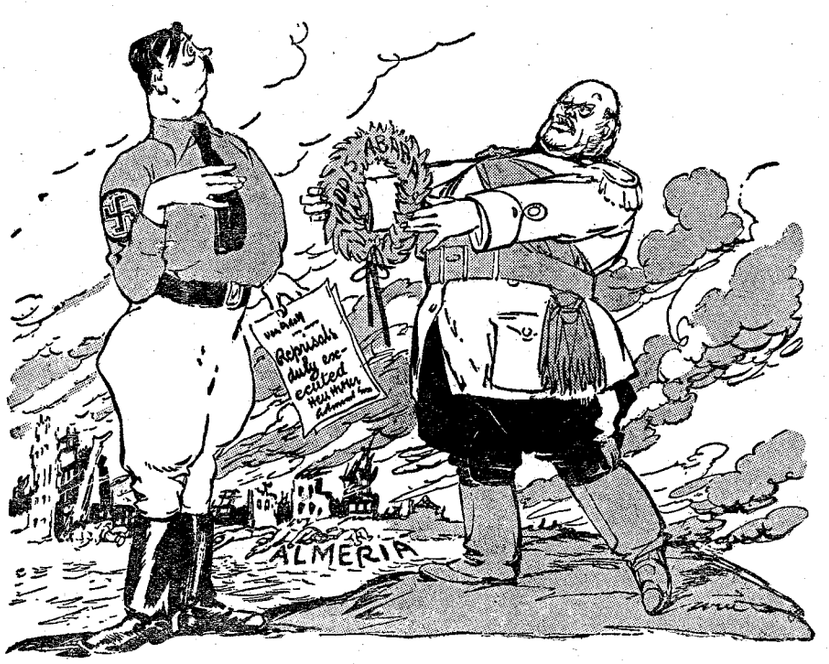
Anonymous in *The Atlantic Monthly*

I CAME home today in high glee and satisfaction because I had taken articles worth ten dollars. This is my biggest day's work. Some of these things I really wanted; others were simply easy to take. What shall I do with this marcel net? I do not wear my hair marcelled. I do not want this ring with the cheap imitation stone, for I have many valuable rings.

As I entered my room I said to myself, as to a second, stay-at-home personality, "See what pretty things I have brought you." Then I took out the articles to gloat over their safe possession. I recall the cunning with which I lifted up that set of Madeira napkins with a larger bundle as I lifted it. That store seems particularly easy for shoplifters, for the clerks are inattentive.

For several weeks now I have been doing this, yet have never had a glance of suspicion directed toward me in any store in which I have operated. This may be due to the fact that I dress well and have a certain air of aristocracy which would mislead even an alert clerk.

I am careful not to frequent any store too much, lest my face and clothes become familiar. This double life, however, is making me have a double face. My students have often told me that I have the look of a Madonna. Today as I passed a store mirror I was shocked at



Brother, you've earned it. Take the wreath.—London Daily Herald

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the countenance under my hat. I admitted to myself, "You are a thief." This self-revelation, however, did not stop me.

I went over to the Big Store to a sale of stamped goods. I find safe pickings in advertised sales, where the clerks are often unable to cope with the crowds, and goods lie in tumbled disarray on the counters. Today I facetiously called it a grab bag, as I saw the frantic efforts of the shoppers. I thrust my hand in under a pile as the crowd of women pushed me about. I made up my mind to keep whatever I grasped. When I pulled it out it was a fancy apron which, with its ribbons, was a bit hard to hide, but I escaped notice in the hurry.

I ordinarily have taken small things which could be covered with my palm or handkerchief or pouch bag. Today I dared to take a package nightgown. I find that I take larger as well as more valuable articles. I wonder why I was afraid two months ago to take a paper of needles. It is so easy.

Lindbergh for President

John Goldstrom in *The American Swedish Monthly*

It is no secret among well-informed Washington correspondents that the only Presidential candidacy which Democratic leaders fear for 1940 is the still remote possibility of Lindbergh—if he can be induced to follow in the political footsteps of his distinguished father, the late Congressman Lindbergh of Minnesota. He flew his father over a part of the latter's last campaign-speaking tour,

You should be grateful: I have given you an empire.—Humanité, Paris

and was proud of that fearlessly progressive Republican.

The younger Lindbergh plainly enough indicated his own interest in national affairs when, in 1933, he protested to President Roosevelt against the wholesale cancellation of air mail contracts, which resulted in air transport disruption from which recovery has only recently begun. There were public declarations for a Lindbergh candidacy before the last elections, by those who overlooked the fact that he was not of Presidential age. In 1940 he will be.

The walrus, the carpenter—and the oysters.—N. Y. Post

Bandit Ways

C. Y. Chang in *Millard's Review*

Travelling in the bandit district of China, one seems to get into another world. The number of bandits in Honan province totals over 400,000. Because of the influence of evil customs, the people are easily transformed into bandits.

Should a dying man say to his son, "You are not my son if you do not kill my enemy," the son would immediately take up his sword, search for his enemy and return with his enemy's head. Once a farmer's son was told by a fortune-teller that his wife's fate would bring him harm. Returning home, and taking a pistol, he shot her dead, and ran away to be a bandit.

The bandits' clothes are of various colors. Some wear pure red; some wear pure yellow, and some soldiers' uniforms. In summer they usually bare their bodies completely. Nearly all of them smoke or use heroin or opium. Besides rifles and pistols they have modern artillery.

When capturing a town or village, the bandits take away all sorts of people no matter whether they be rich or poor. They tie each ten or twenty of the captives together. Finding out the rich, they note down whatever they own. When moving from one place to another, one bandit leads the captives, going ahead. Others with their guns walk on either side, while the rest follow behind. Usually the men and women captives are kept in separate rooms. Before ten o'clock at night no one is allowed to fall asleep, lest they take full rest and get enough strength to run away.

In order to keep the prisoners from escaping, and induce them to obtain ransom quickly, the bandits treat them in the following ways: dig a deep trench, fill it with mud, and make them lie naked in it; burn their eyes with dirty clothes mixed with wood powder; put them into manure pits; beat them with big clubs; pour kerosene into their noses; tie the thumbs of two prisoners together and hang them on a wall, or tie them on a bed with their faces to the sky, unable to move; tie them immovably to a low post; wrap them in a mat and turn them upside down; and other ways even less pleasant.

Instead of ordinary speech the bandits have their own slang. Those who understand it are regarded as their fellow bandits.

In testing a stranger to see whether

Give us this day our daily grenade.—Humanité, Paris

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he's a bandit, they use the following dialogue.

Q. Where are you coming from?—A. I am coming from where I come.

Q. Where are you going to?—A. I am going to where I shall go.

Q. What do you bring with you?—A. I bring three pieces of incense and 500 cash.

Japan's Spy System

A. Hamadan in *Pravda*, Moscow

ESPIONAGE and intelligence occupy an exceptional place in every sphere of Japanese policy.

The principal objects of the Japanese espionage and intelligence service are China, the United States, England and the Soviet Union. An enormous army of Japanese spies and intelligence men is active in almost every country in the world; even in countries remote from Japan and, it would seem, without military or political interest for her, such as Iran, Afghanistan, Turkey and Greece. The Japanese spies and intelligence men abroad act under the most various disguises,—as diplomats and barbers, priests and military attachés, businessmen and photographers.

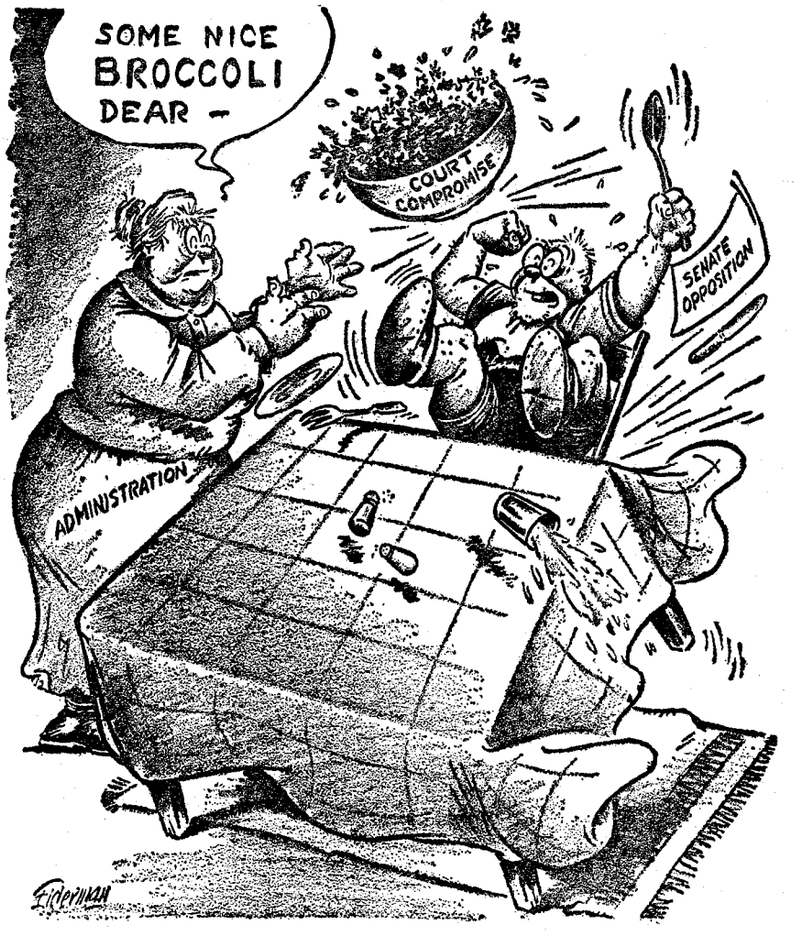
The direction of espionage and intelligence is basically in the hands of the general staff. A department of the general staff directs, regulates and organizes all spying and intelligence activities. The functions of that body are not limited to military information. It also coordinates political and military-economic espionage, the organization of conspiracies, and the training of personnel for the most "delicate" branches of its activity. Besides this, it controls the work of the corresponding civil departments and of the so-called "social" organizations. Among the latter is the largest and most powerful terrorist, fascist secret society, "Kokuriukai" (meaning "Beyond the Amur" in translation), widely known under the name of the "Black Dragon."

Because of the significance and the scope of its activities, this organization, subsidized by the general staff, deserves a detailed characterization. The Black Dragon appeared on the political scene of Japan in 1901, as an ultra-patriotic, right nationalistic organization headed by the reactionaries Toyama and Utsida, closely connected with the general staff. The program of this organization aimed at a maximum of support for the Imperialistic Japanese penetration on the continent of Asia.

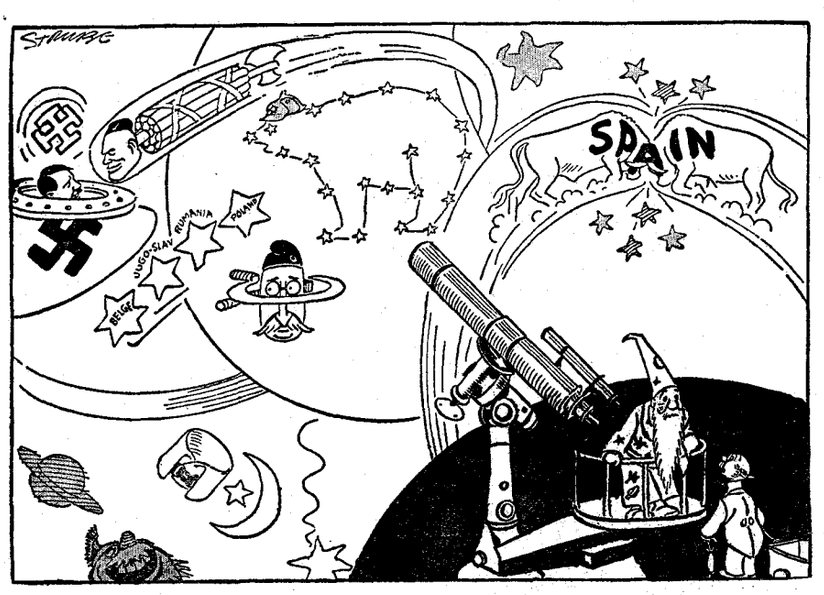
The Black Dragon played an important role in the period of the Russo-Japanese war by organizing espionage, intelligence work, and diversions in the rear of the Tsarist army. After the war the political influence and the sphere of operations of the Black Dragon became enormous. The espionage network of this organization has grown to include several thousands of agents. The organization disposes of special courses, schools and institutes that concentrate on training spies.

Many of the present political and military leaders of Japan have passed thru the Black Dragon school. The former Japanese Premier Hirota, began his career as a rank and file agent of the Black Dragon in Korea and Manchuria, in 1905, while he was a student.

Japanese intelligence works according to a strictly defined system and uses specific methods. In the arsenal of Japanese spies and scouts may be found the most various means of "work": black-



I say it's spinach, and the hell with it!—Washington Post



Any signs of peace?—N. Y. Times

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mail, bribery, terror, poison, robbery, murder, explosions, arson and train-wrecks. The activity of Japanese in China and other countries gives vivid examples of the employment of all these methods. In every city of China, without exception, there are Japanese spies. Seemingly, they are engaged in the most innocent pursuits. They are photographers, barbers, Buddhist monks, shopkeepers, keepers of public houses and of opium dens. Actually, they study thoroughly their sectors, draw detailed maps, gather information and photograph the most important strategic positions. Bigger agents represent cultural societies and commercial houses.

Ghost of a petroleum king: "You must send representatives to cover this market."—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

Desert Plum Pudding

Lin Yu-Tang in *World Review*

THERE goes the Englishman, with his umbrella and unashamed of his umbrella, refusing to talk any language but his own, demanding marmalade in an African jungle and unable to forgive his boy for not producing holly and a plum pudding in an African desert on Christmas Eve, so sure of himself, so terribly cocksure of himself, and so terribly decent. There is an inevitability about his words and actions and gestures when he is not looking like a dumb persecuted animal. You could predict exactly what an Englishman would do even when he sneezed. He would take out his handkerchief—for he always has an handkerchief—and mutter something about the "beastly cold." And you could tell what is going on in his mind about Bovril and going home to have a hot bath, all as inevitable as that the sun is going to rise in the east next morning. But you could not upset him. That cheekiness is not very lovely, but is very imposing. In fact, he has gone round conquering the world with that bluff and that cheekiness, and his success is his best justification.

For myself, I am rather intrigued by that cheekiness, the cheekiness of a man who thinks that any country is dog-gone and God-forsaken whose people do not take Bovril and do not produce an inevitable white handkerchief when the correct moment comes. One is lured to look behind that extremely brazen front and take a peep at his inner soul.

Of course, there is something in it. His soul is not such bad stuff and his cheekiness is not just side and airs. I sometimes feel that the Bank of England can never fall just because the English people believe so, that it can not be closed simply because "it isn't done." The Bank of England is decent. So is the English Post Office. So is their Manufacturers' Life Assurance. So is the whole British Empire, all so decent, so inevitably decent. I am sure Confucius himself would have found England the ideal country.

Now for the welding.—N. Y. Post

Simple Arithmetic

Hugh S. Johnson in *The World-Telegram*

WHEN national income was about $77,000,000,000 the lowest 42 per cent of us got only about $10,000,000,000 of it, which is less than $870 a family. The highest 58 per cent got $67,000,000,000, or $4,200 a family. To shift enough to the lower 42 per cent to make somewhere around the third New Deal goal of $2,400 a year you would have to take from the upper 58 per cent about $18,000,000,000 a year in taxes and give it to the lower bracketeers. They would then have $28,000,000,000, or a little more than $2,400 per year per family. The upper 58 per cent would then have $49,000,000,000, or a little more than $3,600 a year per family.

Push these figures a little further and see what you get. Instead of $2 of average income in the low brackets to $3 in the high you could make average income

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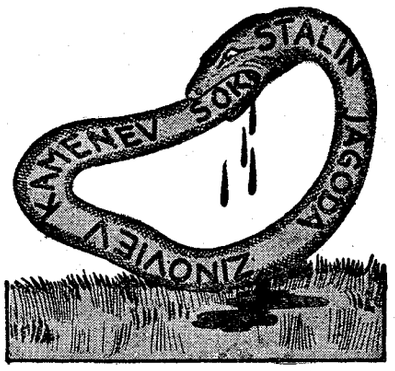
When the Russian worm turns.—Il 420, Florence

in both brackets equal. Just tax the families in the upper half $28,000,000,000 a year and give it to the lower. Everybody would receive $2,800 a year and what would you have?

You would have Communism, complete



and pure. If the principle is ever adopted at all, would it not instantly be pushed to that full point? What argument would there be for not going the whole way? If national income is to be put in a pool and divided up on any rule, what other rule could be defended except the rule of equality?

Herr Hitler's Horrors

Robert d'Harcourt in *Revue des Deux Mondes*

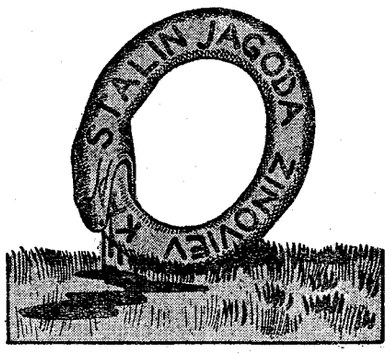
THE inhabitants of a little German town gather in the main Square. A queer looking structure, sprung up overnight, attracts general attention. Twelve heavy trucks, painted blood-red and with the inscription "Public Enemy No. 1" on their sides, have arrived the day before. Now, placed side by side and their inner walls removed, they form a single whole. The travelling anti-Soviet exposition has come to town.

Bolshevism, as Public Enemy No. 1, is the sole exhibit. Inside, presented with all the skill in propaganda of which the Nazis are past masters, is a very simple story in pictures.

Here is a huge map of the world with the continents and seas easily seen though covered with mist. A black and grey giant stands over Moscow. He is scattering white leaflets over the world—Communist propaganda. These leaflets bear different words according to the country intended. Those falling over Africa say "Down with the Whites!" Those flying over India cry "Down with the British!"

Another panel shows what stands behind the propaganda. On a large map, next to a tiny Germany, we see the immense Russian Asiatic plain, an inexhaustible source of soldiers and materials. Numerous dots fill the map. Each represents a regiment of the Red Army backed by tanks, airplanes, heavy artillery, and machine-guns. Germany is the defender of Western civilization against this menace from the East.

Further on we see pictures of Soviet actualities as compared to their promises. Tired, bedraggled women are shown dragging hand-carts; others are performing manual labor in factories. Then comes a comparison of prices. An ill-made Soviet shoe sells for 135 roubles a pair; a pair of stout German shoes sell for 12 marks.



Specimens of Bolshevik anti-religious propaganda complete the exhibition.

Four-Bit Estate

Henry Ozanne in *The New Masse*

I BELIEVE the largest service of the American Newspaper Guild in the nearly four years of its existence is its debunking of this trade, the press. I suppose only an Odd McIntyre knows how that myth called Newspaper Romance ever grew up in America, but it was well on the way to becoming a national legend when the Guild put the skids under it. You know the conceits of the old fable, something like this:

Reporter: a devil-may-care young chap of hidden native genius, capable, as occasion requires, of smashing out the story of the year; doesn't care a damn about such prosaic questions as salary, hours, and conditions of work; can go anyplace on five minutes' notice, and at any instant may burst forth with the Great American Novel.

Copyreader: one of those half-mad, grumpy fellows with a green eye-shade; an arch individualist who doesn't give a hang for job or boss; a sort of squatting encyclopædia, liable on a moment's notice to jump up from his desk and stomp off to a better job.

City Editor: a surly, pencil-chewing potentate who snarls orders at the staff, but who preserves a secret tenderness for the Cub Reporter; possesses some indefinable genius that sets him apart from the rest of humanity.

Publisher (the Old Man): a tough business man with a great social vision who mingles with his paternal love for all his employees a burning passion to set the town right; ranks next to the preacher as the divine agent for administering to the community.

There were many other components of the legend: Gal Reporter, the Cub, Slot Man and Columnist. (Despite Heywood Broun, the Guild has not yet quite debunked that last.)

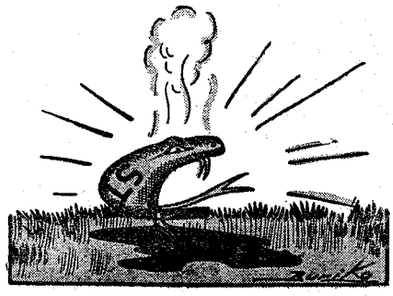
But the isolation of a professional class has been smashed by the American Newspaper Guild.

Let's revise the old myth:

Reporter: an experienced newspaper man of many years service, father of a family, paid about $30 a week, who has been in constant fear of losing his job as he grows older, and who hasn't met any "interesting people" since the bootlegger.

Copyreader: one of those all-too-prosaic chaps who sits on the "rim," and has tried for years to stretch his $40 to cover a living for his family; hasn't seen a green eyeshade in the office since they fired old man Jason when he couldn't read the datelines any longer.

City Editor: a young hopeful whom the office has just "advanced" by dumping the grief on him and raising his pay $2.50; is acquiring a rush of ideas.



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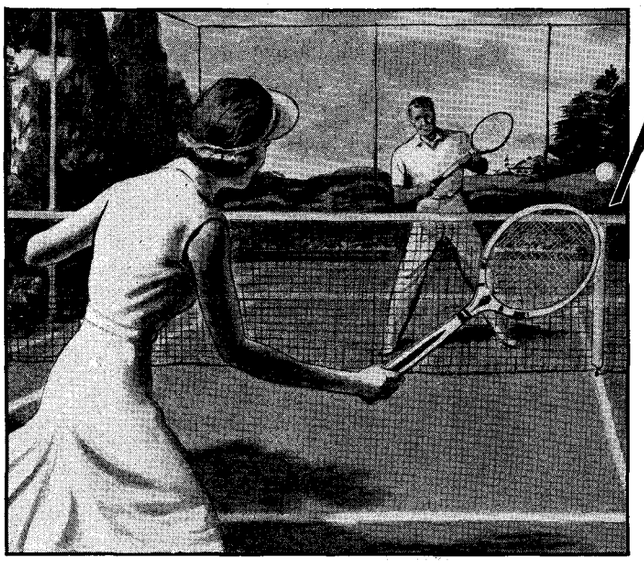
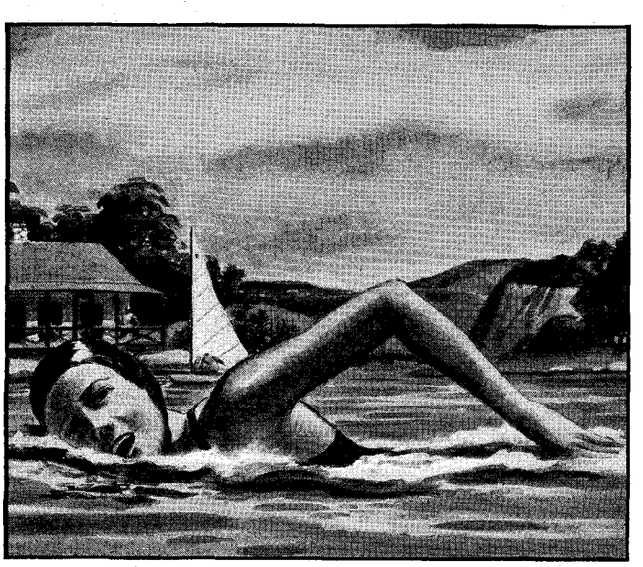
Planning your vacation?

Know your Heart





DON'T be reckless on your first day of vacation. You don't have to play six sets of tennis, thirty-six holes of golf, or swim a mile. The trained athlete doesn't. He knows better. He breaks in gradually.

Exercise which is taken too strenuously at the beginning may strain the heart. The chances are that your heart is good for all the reasonable exercise you will want on vacation. But why guess about it? Let your doctor examine you before you go away on your summer holiday.

Some hearts, even in younger people, are dependable for the usual routine of life but do not stand up under unusual or prolonged effort. The cause may be a previous infection which has been entirely forgotten. Rheumatic fever —"growing pains" in childhood—may have left the heart permanently impaired. In middle-aged persons, particularly those who are overweight or who have a tendency to high blood pressure, important changes often occur in the arteries of the heart which definitely limit its endurance.

A heart that is somewhat below par, if used with care and discretion, may outlast a much stauncher one that is abused. Each year many people die of heart disease which might have remained just a heart "condition" if they had realized the need for caution. Sometimes indigestion, nervousness or lung ailments are mistaken for heart trouble, causing needless alarm and anxiety.

Drop in to see your doctor before you go away. Be prepared to get all the enjoyment and health you should out of your vacation. *Know your own heart.* The Metropolitan booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance" contains much valuable information that you should have. A post card will bring you a copy. Address Booklet Department 837-V.

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Dietrich as a Russian countess in Knight Without Armor

MOVIES

THE LONG awaited result of Marlene Dietrich's junket across the Atlantic Ocean is somewhat disappointing. Alexander Korda lured her from her native Hollywood last winter to star in James Hilton's *Knight Without Armor,* promising her and the rest of the world a Super Class A product.

Probably the most notable items about this English film of Revolutionary Russia are that Robert Donat, her co-star, appears without his moustache and Miss Dietrich appears during one sequence in a bubble bath, a touch which is far too charming to be disconcerting.

These two news notes by no means imply a flippant attitude toward Mr. Korda's product. Rather a sense of sadness that he has let his public down a bit. One expects so much more from the producer of *Rembrandt* and *The Private Lives of Henry VIII.*

Treating him as a mortal, however, his mass production blood and thunder adventure story is more than adequate summer entertainment. Like all the rest of the pictures that have been turning up lately it is cram full of fighting men. *Captains Courageous* and *Slave Ship* are marine yarns in which the ladies figure unimportantly or not at all. *Slim* dedicates itself to the vast army of brawny heroes who attend high tension wires. *The Road Back,* Remarque's sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front,* limits itself to masculine post war disillusion.

Now comes *Knight Without Armor* to paint a romantic and often very confused portrait of what the Red armies did to the White armies and vice versa. True, Miss Dietrich appears frequently on the screen, enchanting as ever to all the people she automatically enchants, but she barely speaks fifty words throughout the performance. Can this sudden stress on sinewy, out-of-door, overcrowded films be indicative of anything? Have we another trend in our midst, or is it perhaps a sop to a currently fighting minded world?

The story, by the way, concerns Mr. Donat's efforts to save the life of Marlene. Since he is a British spy acting as a Bolshevist and since she is a die-hard countess, the job is no joke. The picture has a little bit of everything, including a Siberian prison camp and that famous Russian ghost train which went invisibly through the station making an awful hullabuloo at the same time every day. There are countless firing squads. Sometimes the Whites mow down a gross of Reds. Sometimes the Reds mow down a gross of Whites. After a while this becomes as familiar as an old razor blade.

London Films, for some reason or other, pays a glowing tribute to the United States in the end. The American Red Cross appears all of a sudden, crisp and white after reels of bearded Russians, to effect the final rescue.

Jacques Feyder's direction is commendable, particularly as he had so many people to keep under control. Through no fault of his own, however, it is not as subtle as his direction of *La Kermesse Heroique. Knight Without Armor* is, after all, an honest, straightforward picture intended for every one but students of Russian history and cinema sophisticates. Though they all give sound performances, nobody in the cast except the stars will be familiar to American audiences. This is not a drawback for, as the advertisements in a trade paper so aptly put it: "Dietrich plus Donat equals Dough."

ENGLISH pictures seem to be usurping American screens these days. Gaumont-British has just released *King Solomon's Mines*—also packed with extras, adventure and fighting.

There isn't any need to recapitulate the story for as every one knows, H. Rider Haggard wrote it. Like all his pseudo-mystical tales, it concerns a chase for treasure in a forgotten corner of the world. In this one, you will remember, three white men, a white girl and a Negro trek across three hundred miles of African desert in search of Ophir where Solomon seems to have left a pretty lucrative gold mine. They don't know until they arrive, of course, that swarms of ominous, war-dancing natives keep sullen, cannibalistic watch over the mine.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Loder and Roland Young play the three white men. Hardwicke does a more than creditable job considering he is the one who has to deliver all those pompous Haggardian speeches. Anna Lee, word of whose beauty has already seeped into these shores, lives up to expectations. She is a blond ingenue with no irritating characteristics.

Best of all, however, and the real reason for going to the picture no matter how much 1937 has outgrown Mr. Haggard's naivete, is Paul Robeson. The director, Robert Stevenson, very wisely used every device in his kit to play up Robeson's possibilities. Big, mighty Paul swaggering across the desert, his torso outlined against the sky, is a photographic masterpiece. He sings three songs too. There's no use going superlative about this. It looks silly in print. Just let it go that Robeson sings, with the additional comment that he is in magnificent voice and that the sound director deserves quite as many bouquets as Mr. Stevenson. The full orchestral accompaniment to his desert solos doesn't, for some unaccountable reason, seem particularly ridiculous.

There are several things that do seem ridiculous, among them the fact that Miss Lee's screen father walks away at the end of the picture just as though he hadn't broken his leg an hour before. It's all right, though, more all right than *Knight Without Armor* as far as this department is concerned. That may be unfair, since Paul Robeson's presence gives it a pretty terrific head start. In case any one remembers an incredibly dreadful picture called *She* which toured the country several seasons past, don't be frightened. Mr. Haggard was also responsible for *She,* an item which terrified most of the critics when they were faced with attending *King Solomon's Mines.* Their fears were quite unfounded. Gaumont-British did justice to its fantasy.

Incidentally, Geoffrey Barkas, the director in charge of location filming in Africa, kept a log during the company's three months stay. Among other curiosities, he reports a tough time signing up natives for the picture. They were suspicious, and for a long time resisted enticing offers. Reason: They thought the Britishers wanted to sign them up to fight in a real war.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Witchcraft Today

By Montague Summers: A Popular History of Witchcraft (Dutton, $2.75)

SATANISM is alive today. It is a power in the land. Mysterious, unseen, wholly evil.

In 1899, M. Serge Basset, a well-known French journalist, was present at a Black Mass. He was ushered into a lofty room of some size fitted up as a chapel. About twenty persons were present of whom seven or eight were women.

At the far end of the room, dimly lighted by one faint lamp, he could half-discern an altar, and when six black candles were presently lit he could see that they were ranged on either side of a monstrous figure, a hideous goat with great red staring eyes. The walls of the room were painted with esoteric designs with scenes of the most shameful obscenity.

A somber chant was heard in low mournful tones. More candles were lit and there approached the altar a man in a richly laced alb and a cope of flaming scarlet. The server was a woman, a horrible hag. The voices of server and celebrant alternated in low muttered tones.

Suddenly a girl hardly beyond her teens darted forward, and stripping off her clothes knelt stark naked before the altar. She mounted the altar where she lay at full length covered by a black veil. In hideous parody of the Offertory a jeweled ciborium was presented whence the celebrant drew a large black host and elevated it with the ritual prayer. From time to time the woman on the altar screamed and moaned.

By this time all were in the state of nudity. It seemed as if worse horrors were to follow. M. Basset clasped his hands before his eyes. Two men who had been intently watching his every movement sprang forward and caught him by either arm and hustled him towards the door. "Get out," they said, "You've seen too much already."

Undressed Diplomats

By Colonel T. Bentley Mott: Twenty Years as a Military Attache (Oxford University Press, $2.50)

HOW THE uniforms which our diplomats wore in the days of Washington and Jefferson, Monroe and Jackson, came to be abolished by Act of Congress has an amusing side. The incident which brought it about is said to have occurred in Florence, a gay capital in the 'fifties. Our representative there was something of a dandy who wore his uniform with distinction as well as with pleasure. He spent much of his time and money lavishly entertaining the Italian aristocracy.

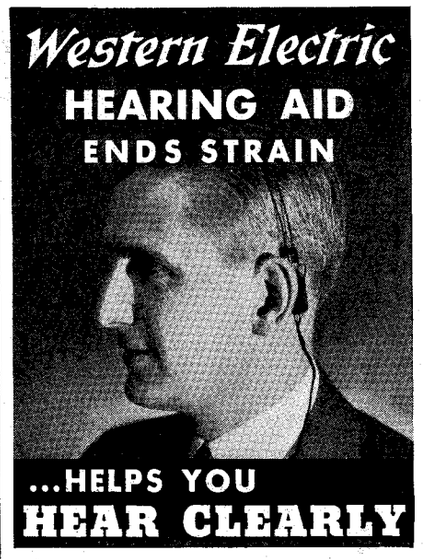
A visiting congressman, however, failed to receive from him the kind of attention he desired and thought he deserved, so, upon his return to Washington, he set about taking his revenge with considerable subtlety. He introduced a bill prohibiting diplomatic officers from wearing uniforms, and the arguments with which he supported it can readily be imagined, for we have heard them repeated many times since. His proposed law, exciting little interest or opposition, was easily passed and has remained to this day unaltered on the statute books. It is a mistake to imagine that the efforts to get around this ban upon uniforms originated in the breasts of diplomats.

Unfortunately, the example set by the greatest republic in the world has been followed by other countries which have adopted the republican form of government. Even Germany, with all her love of uniforms, has, since the War, put her diplomats into evening dress. But I think Goering can be trusted to alter this practice, unless indeed, he decides to prevent all competition with his present preeminence in the matter of raiment. And then, also, it must be borne in mind that the Treaty of Versailles is silent as to German diplomatic uniforms. If it had prohibited them, we can be sure that a great stir would now be made to restore them.

In 1905 the evening clothes of a republican envoy led me into an unfortunate break. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick were giving a great reception in Paris and all the diplomats had come in full uniform. It grew very hot in the ballroom and Mrs. McCormick asked me if I did not think a window ought to be opened. I had started off to have this done when I ran plump into a colored man dressed in a butler's black coat. Being used from my childhood to negro servants, I said to him: "Please go and open each of those windows just a few inches."

"Je vous demande pardon," replied the colored man, "mais je ne parle pas anglais."

"Oh," I answered in French, "I only wanted to know if your Excellency did not think it was altogether too hot in this room!" He was a minister from one of the negro republics.



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The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

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"Radical-Socialists are neither radicals nor socialists." Above—delegates to the party convention: one bristles, the other sleeps

NEW DEAL IN FRANCE

(*Continued from page 24*)

when there is nothing left to do but throw out these old clothes and get new ones.

Carrying the characteristic of French seamstresses into French political life, the cabinets which succeeded the Poincaré National Union ministry in 1926-28 gave themselves to the work of patching with all the adroitness of a housewife. Zealously they tried to repair the well-worn old state with the pieces which would show the least.

For the most part, the patching was directed by the Radical-Socialists, who meanwhile were forced to play a game of balance and teeter constantly back and forth between the Right and the Left.

Coalition governments have been the rule in France, where at least a score of parties—sometimes twice that many—send representatives to the Chamber of Deputies. Before 1924, governments were based on coalitions of parties representing the Center and the Right. After that date they were usually controlled by the Radical-Socialists, who, however, lacking a clear majority in the Chamber, had to invite the support first of the small Center parties and secondly of the Socialists. The Socialists tendered general support, but only so long as the Radical-Socialists did not sponsor laws contrary to Socialist aims. They did not take part in the actual government.

Radical-Socialists, be it noted, are neither radical nor socialist. They are middle-of-the-roaders; they correspond to the Liberal party of Lloyd George in England. To use the words of Edouard Herriot, long their leader, they are "neither reactionary nor revolutionary." Herriot's principle was not to have any principle.

The Radical-Socialists were long the dominant party in France and the largest numerically in the French Chamber, because they expressed a basic French reality. Just as France is a country of thrifty and nimble-fingered housewives, so it is also a country of craftsmen, of small landholders and shopkeepers, of employees who have difficulty in adapting themselves to mass-production, to trusts, or to big financial and economic combines. At the same time, they are the inheritors of a long tradition of social struggle and of a democratic ideology which is summed up more or less happily in the three words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and which obliges them to take a consistent and progressive interest in public affairs. All these facts and factors find expression in the party of the Radical-Socialists.

But the big fact of the 1936 general election was the triumph of the Socialists, led by Léon Blum—the Radical-Socialists had been hard hit by the Stavisky scandal of 1934 and the subsequent riots. Yet, elevated to the top, the Socialists were still dependent upon the support of other groups in the Chamber. Quickly they linked arms with the Radical-Socialists. Soon they had allied themselves with the Communists, who had suddenly about-faced after years of refusal to support any government. On June 6, 1936, Premier Blum appeared before the Chamber of Deputies with his three-sided Popular Front government to declare: "Fidelity to commitments will be our rule. The public welfare will be our goal."

The era of patching had come to an end. France was to have some new clothes, of colors predominantly pink.

Above all, the government of the Popular Front was committed to satisfying the working masses who brought it to power. Had Blum tried to defer these reforms, he would not have succeeded. From the time the new Chamber of Deputies convened, 1,350,000 workers occupied the factories, developing a new technique to drive home their demands, the stay-in, sit-down strike. Surprised during breakfast as it were, the employers were obliged to agree to the raising of salaries as demanded, while Parliament voted the 40-hour law designed not only to shorten the hours of those already employed but to give work to the four or five hundred thousand who were jobless.

This 40-hour law is in the course of being applied. One of the first moves of the Chautemps cabinet when it succeeded Blum's last month was to publish a decree ordering its application in hotels, restaurants and cafes.

Big bosses object because it increases their production costs, little bosses because it breaks the quasi-family relationship between themselves and their employees. Housewives do not know what to do with themselves on Mondays when all the food-shops are closed, and society women no longer receive on that day. Meanwhile, city workmen enjoy their new leisure by invading the countryside in numbers. Those who have gardens cultivate them. Others give themselves over to sports. Not a few succumb to additional rounds of drinks, which often create family disorders.

Time alone will clarify the full effects of the 40-hour law. Apparently, it will have pronounced advantages for certain employers, notably those in the tourist trade. Certainly it makes France one of the most socially advanced countries in Europe.

Along with the 40-hour law, Parliament voted the law of paid holidays, which permits the masses of people to have a life not completely absorbed by work. To spread the benefits of this law, the highly popular annual-holiday railway ticket was invented, giving the bearer a 40 per cent reduction on all railroads.

In the twinkling of an eye, the invention lodged itself among the established customs of the country; more than 600,000 workmen already have taken advan-

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tage of it. New trains were put into service with greatly reduced fares. A number of cruises to Algeria were organized, and many workers crossed water for the first time in their lives. Agreements with hotel operators permitted the workers to take trips into tourist centers which previously had been practically inaccessible to them. The Riviera, beginning with the months of August and September, knew an unheard-of prosperity.

But the deck for the French New Deal was still far from full. Many other social welfare laws were passed to complete it. There were laws defining the relationship between employers and employees, laws easing the lot of war veterans, miners and many others whose salaries or pensions had been cut under preceding ministries in order to balance the budget. To absorb the unemployed, a public works law was voted, authorizing the expenditure of 20,000,000,000 francs over a three-year period. There were also laws on the nationalization of war industries and subsequent decrees of expropriation against such firms as Brandt, Renault (construction of tanks), Hotchkiss, La Pyrotechnie Française, Ateliers Mécaniques de Normandie, La Société des Torpilles de Saint Tropez.

The most important financial measure taken was the reform of the Bank of France, which was not an organism of the state but a private establishment belonging to 40,000 stockholders. For practical purposes, it had been directed by 12 regents—the majority of the Bank's general council—elected by the 200 biggest stockholders, the symbolic Two Hundred Families who were made an issue in the elections. A Popular Front law promulgated July 24, 1936, has revolutionized this general council of the Bank of France. It now contains representatives not only of the stockholders but of the social and economic interests of the nation (agriculture, commerce, the crafts, unions, coöperatives, savings banks) and of the different departments of the government.

Having rounded out his New Deal, Premier Blum's government stepped out of office when the French Senate refused to give him the considerable fiscal powers he demanded. But it was noteworthy that he took the vice-premiership in the cabinet of the Radical-Socialist Chautemps and that he made the Chautemps government possible by exhorting his Socialist followers to support it. Decidedly, he is still a man to be reckoned with.

Likeable, cultivated, friend of the more famous French litterateurs, Léon Blum has something of the double nature of all men who attempt to combine dreams and action. In his youth, before he gave himself to politics, he was a poet who both exalted the past and sympathized with present weakness.

"I do not know," he once wrote to Pierre Louys, "if I will ever be able to direct either a work or my life according to a well-defined method with a firm will. It seems to me that there will always be in me, as much as I can know it, a quality of indecision and of failure to achieve."

His enemies have used such phrases to picture a soft man without will power, a sort of ghost with no faculty for getting things accomplished. But today, looking back over the long road they traveled during the year of his premiership, few citizens of France would say that Léon Blum lacked will power—whatever else they might say of him. Fewer still would say that he lacked the ability to get things done.

—*Jacques Baron, Neuilly-sur-Seine*

French sit-down girls pose a sit-down atop a Paris factory

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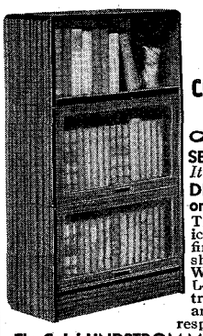

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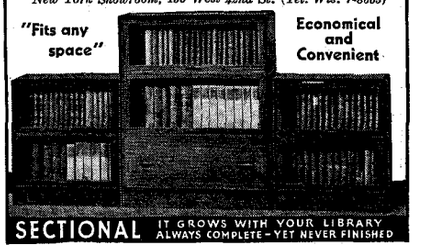

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CELLAR CLUBS

(*Continued from page 19*)

without spending their families' rent money—and without getting in trouble.

Their girl friends drop in or are brought in. They sit around, playing chess or checkers. They listen incessantly to the swing bands on the air. They dance. They play pingpong. Or they simply moon and talk about life from the depths of a deep if shabby chair. They plan a benefit dance to help out a neighborhood family in need. They run a party to help flood victims, or victims of every winter's tenement fires. They arrange Sunday baseball games, picnics, hikes, boat rides.

Romance blossoms. It would anyway, even on the windy street corners. Romance is part of every cellar club, one reason why they exist. A fellow can't bring his girl to his home. There simply is no space for them.

Couldn't they do all this, and in better surroundings, at the nearest settlement house? If they could the club members wouldn't readily part with thirty cents a week. They want bright new shirts and gay ties and movies quite as much as any bunch of boys their age.

"We're here, near Avenue D," says one of the Nut Clubbers. "There's no settlement house right near. We work hard, manual labor most of us, and we're tired nights. We need a place near home. The settlement house is full of kids. Besides, we can't have a place of our own there. We can use a room one night a week—but we got to have a meeting. We can go to gym once a week. Most of us do that now. And at the settlement we can't run things exactly. Here we elect our own officers, we raise money when we need it, we do things we want."

At another East Side club, the Soliath on East Broadway where all the members are high school graduates and many of them take college courses in the evenings. All the boys were members of a settlement house club during their high school years.

"We had arguments among ourselves for a year before we decided to leave the settlement," the president of the club explains. "We finally had to leave. We can't just sit home evenings. And we can't depend on the settlement where we get a meeting room once a week and gym once a week. Where did that leave us? Hanging around on the corner the rest of the week! We're not loafers. We don't want to hang around on corners like bums. It isn't good for us.

"We don't blame the settlement houses down here. It's the same thing in Brooklyn, in the Bronx, everywhere. Every once in a while we give a benefit dance for the house we graduated from. They need help. But we do too.

"We need a real youth center, a place better than a cellar, no matter how nice a cellar it is. We got murals, two rooms, a pingpong table. But when we get a real center, just for fellows and girls our age, the cellar clubs will disappear. Until then we'll keep our cellar, and so will the rest of the boys. We need a place to hang out."

The clubs are open evenings, generally from seven o'clock to midnight, seven nights a week, fifty-two weeks a year. Summer months merely change the complexion of the activities; boys who belong to cellar clubs rarely get out of the city except for a few Sundays at a beach.

"We're going to have deck-chairs out in the back alley," said one East Side club member proudly, "and get a couple of boxes to plant flowers in. That's for our vacations."

Life in a cellar

That is life in cellar clubs as it looks to a reporter spending weeks of evenings on those drab orange- and rose-lit basements where a quarter of a million New York boys and girls spend their evenings.

As warmer weather approaches, tenement windows are opened to admit the little puffs of air that brave airshafts, the dusty breezes of slum streets. Open windows also admit the sounds of radio and piano, sometimes late, too late in the evening. Girls squeal and giggle. The boys argue loudly. Neighbors call the police.

Every spring means raids in cellar clubs. But this year the raids were more consistent, more widespread, openly aimed at destroying the clubs. A crisis had come to the cellar club.

"We have just had a favorable decision, rendered by Magistrate Troy," says Harry E. Prince, first deputy tenement house commissioner of New York, "in a test case that gives us a weapon against these cellar clubs. Now I am going ahead and close them up. We are going to clean the city of these clubs."

Prince believes that the clubs are breeding places of crime, that liquor is taken inside, that young girls are attacked, that marijuana is smoked—in short, "these clubs have no place in our social setup."

The boys in their cellars are up in arms. Many of the parents support their fight, sign petitions, visit police commissioners to present their side of the case, for there *is* another side.

"Not all social clubs," the president of one club admits, "are what they ought to be. But that stuff about crime—do they mean us? We play cards, but not for money. No club should allow it—for their own good. Some clubs, too, have members who live in the Bronx and belong to a club in Brooklyn. They don't live there, nobody knows them, they don't care what they do. Clubs ought not to allow members who don't live in the neighborhood."

"We're all boys from this neighborhood," says the Nut Club. "The cops on this beat know us all since we were kids. They know we're not fellows to do anything wrong. We don't allow gambling. We made it a rule because some fellows haven't got the control they ought. They lose money their families need in the house. Not even bets are allowed in our club. Another thing, we don't admit outsiders unless we give a dance."

These particular boys recognize the problems and are looking for solutions. In the past year they have been able, long before the current drive began, to remedy their own shortcomings. Last year their activities were confined to those listed above. This year they have been holding forums, lectures, discussions once a week. Parents are invited and attend. Occasionally they give parties for their parents. They have group studies. They attend WPA theaters in a group. They publish a newspaper twice a month. Their club is in the local federation of social clubs and when they are confronted by a problem applying to their own membership, to the club federation, to the community, they map and follow through action of some sort.

This club has found use for what might be called a "faculty adviser," a trained teacher and youth worker, a member of the Youth Service Division.

Until recently no social agency of any sort reached the hundreds of thousands of youngsters organized in clubs of their own making, their own regulating, their own sometimes unimaginative and helpless planning. They were drifting. No leadership, no effective use of educational opportunities still within their reach, no workable plan of tackling their separate and group problems.

Even today only one city, New York, attempts to provide the unostentatious leadership needed by these drifting boys and girls with small future, small salary, large problems. In some cities existing agencies such as the Y.M.C.A or men's clubs had gone into tenement areas to organize boys in recreational and educational clubs that centered in their home neighborhoods. But the need of leadership is great and wide.

Youth Service

A little more than a year ago the Youth Service Division, a WPA project under the New York Board of Education, was set up. The object was to reach in an educational way the out-of-school youth of the city. The hope of the project was to demonstrate that young men and women could be led to solve their own problems, could help to solve community problems.

"If we could have 6,000 teachers for New York alone," says Frank Kaplan, supervisor of the project, "we could hope to begin to meet the needs of young people now in groups independent of and without trained leadership." These young people, of course, have long since quit

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school, though Mr. Kaplan represents the Board of Education.

The project found that there are close to 10,000 social clubs in the city, 6,000 in their own clubrooms, chiefly cellars except for Harlem where practically all cellars are being used as dwellings. Additional thousands of clubs have quarters in rear-ground-floor apartments or in stores; many have no permanent clubrooms but meet in members' homes, in political clubs, in churches.

Of all the clubs, 85 per cent are actually rooted-in, a definite part of the life of the community where the club is located. Some have special interests such as study circles, athletics, choruses, dramatics; one exists for the purpose of raising enough money to open and run a coöperative millinery shop for the girl members. But the great majority of the clubs are based on the need for social activities.

Unemployed members

Of the members, chiefly boys though there are some girls' clubs, a few coeducational and some girls' auxiliaries to the boys' clubs, approximately 15 per cent come from homes where relief is the only support of the family—excepting Harlem again where a much greater percentage come from relief homes. About 30 per cent of the club members are unemployed. Fifty to sixty per cent of the membership are in blind-alley jobs, working in factories or stores, as clerks, laborers, in the lowest paid positions. Only 10 to 15 per cent are skilled workers.

Few of the employed club members are in unions. Many of them are too young or else hold positions of a type not unionized. Almost all the club membership of New York belongs to no other organization.

The average education does not go past two years of high school. Those who have completed technical training, or even high school courses, have been unable to find work in the fields for which they are equipped.

Given this background, the limited educational opportunity, little hope for the future, bitter need for recreation, the boys and girls have quite naturally set up their clubs. This is their way to keep off the streets, to furnish for themselves what the community has denied them. And, quite as naturally, the clubs just about stop there—unless leadership is forthcoming.

Mr. Kaplan finds that while the clubs have been meeting only the most obvious needs of their members, the boys and girls respond readily to a kind of guidance designed for their special situation. They need such help, and usually they know it.

"To the youth worker who spends considerable time learning to know the group in the club," says Kaplan, "an analysis reveals a more or less shell-shocked youth. He finds young people escaping from life by incessant dancing, card-playing, moviegoing, listening to radio comedy and thrillers. It is not unusual to find among the group prejudices, superstitions, racial antagonisms (and anti-social attitudes) of an adolescent variety."

But it is unusual to find a club where response to leadership is lacking. The fifty-two youth workers now in the field have concentrated on the city areas where the cellar clubs are most numerous: Harlem, the lower East Side, the lower Bronx, and the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. The individual problems of club members, group problems, everyday difficulties and needs have been attacked from many angles. And in almost every case the results have justified the effort.

Local resources, adult education classes, vocational training, cultural activities, have been brought into the picture. The Youth Service Division workers get speakers for the club forums. They encourage and gently guide the club meetings toward facing problems realistically and finding community agencies to help in the solution of those problems.

Thus a girls' group in Harlem, interested in sewing, made a fairly thorough and factual investigation on "What could we sew that is needed by people in our neighborhood?" They decided on children's clothes to donate to the hospital, made a tour of the hospital, found things they thought should be changed, and set about changing them.

Another group found itself, after trained leadership had made its quiet way into the group, sponsoring classes to teach English to foreigners. The foreigners were the parents of the members.

In practically every club where the Youth Service Division has a worker, the young people are well aware of the reasons for the drive against cellar-clubs in general. They recognize that occasional extremes, of a sort found both in and out of youth clubs, create a false and harmful opinion. They want to avoid even those rare extremes.

"We'll take care of things," they say honestly and confidently, "if they just give us a chance."

What they mean by a chance is: first, youth centers designed to fit the needs of their own groups; second, no police interference and more assistance such as they have been getting in small doses from their "faculty advisers."

Meanwhile the police department and the tenement house department of the city are ready to oppose cellar clubs as plague spots, ready to abolish them or put them in the hands of police under regulations requiring that no girls enter club premises, that a list of members be furnished to the police with full information on each one, that licenses be issued by the police department.

Maybe the clubs could function under such imposed censorship.

"We don't give up our cellars," the boys say flatly, "unless we get something better. And we don't mean reserved space on the corner."

—*By Frances Fink*

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The Spice of Life

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Perfection—The young couple sat at a night club table and cooed heavily.

"We could get married easily," whispered the boy. "My father's a minister."

"Okay," returned the girl promptly. "Let's try it. My father's a lawyer."—*Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*

A Tribute—Danny, along with many other little lads, went to school for the first time, and like many other little boys' fathers, Danny's father asked him how he liked his teacher.

"All right," was the reply.

"Is your teacher smart?" teasingly persisted the questioner.

"Well, she knows more than I do," admitted Danny.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Pun—My Word!—"What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

"I don't know, unless it's hailing a street car."—*West Point Pointer.*

Soleless Soul—A backwoods woman, the soles of whose feet had been toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness, was standing in front of her cabin fireplace one day when her husband addressed her:

"You'd better move your foot a mite, maw,' you're standin' on a live coal."

Said she, nonchalantly: "Which foot, paw?" —*U.S. Coast Guard.*

Oops!—*Professor:* "I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice (from the rear): "Go home and sleep it off, old man."—*C.C.N.Y. Mercury.*

The High Sign—"What do the three balls in front of a pawnshop mean?"

"Two to one you don't get it back."—*Farm & Ranch,* (*Dallas, Tex.*)

Gillette Go!—*Barber:* "What's the matter? Ain't the razor takin' holt?"

Victim: "Yeah, it's taking holt all right, but it ain't lettin' go again."—*U. of P. Punch Bowl.*

His Fault—An Aberdonian went to Australia. When he returned three years later he found his three brothers, all with beards, at the railway station.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"Ye ken quite well ye took the razor awa' wi' ye," was the reply.—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Justice Van Devanter: "The voice of the steel industry does not reach to the Potomac."

Sir Arthur Keith: "War is a factor of progress. Nature keeps her human orchard healthy by pruning."

Charles E. Hughes: "Publicity is a great purifier."

Theodore Parker: "Democracy means not 'I am as good as you are,' but 'You are as good as I am.' "

Anne O'Hare McCormick: "The English say Germans are most formidable when they are on a diet."

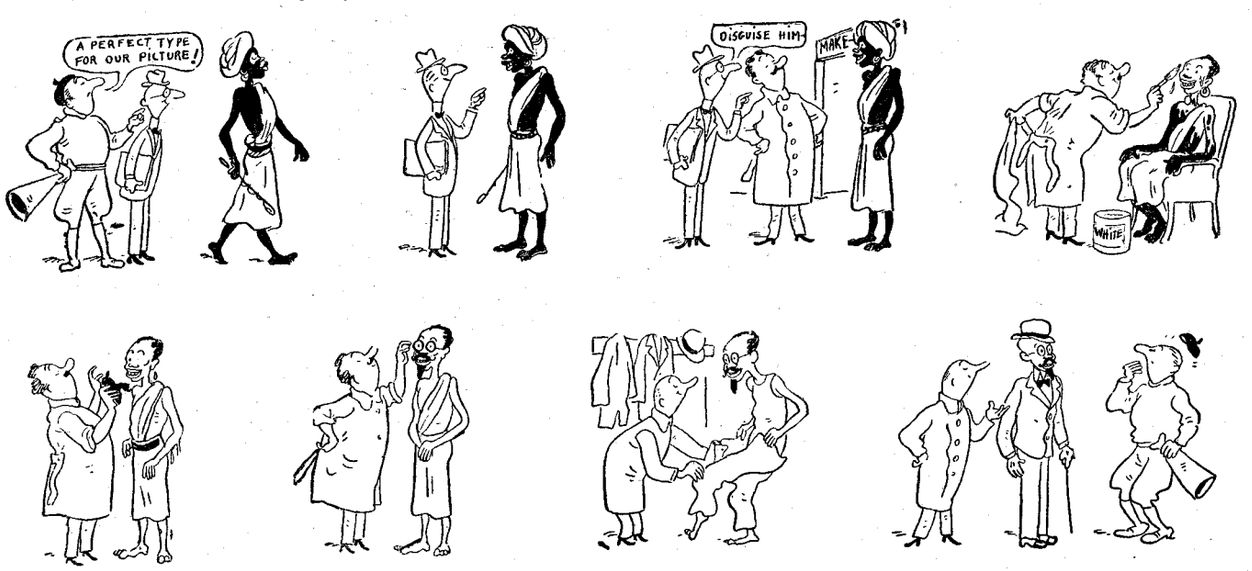
Lady Nancy Astor: "The only worthwhile thing in the world is the English way of thinking."

Emir Abdullah of Transjordania: "Why must Moslem countries always quarrel? Why can't they live peacefully like Christian nations?"

Simon Eddy: "Wally Simpson? Gone with the Windsor!"

F.D.R.: "Humanity is not Society. Humanity is just Plain Folk."

Hollywood finds just the right type.—Il Travaso, Rome



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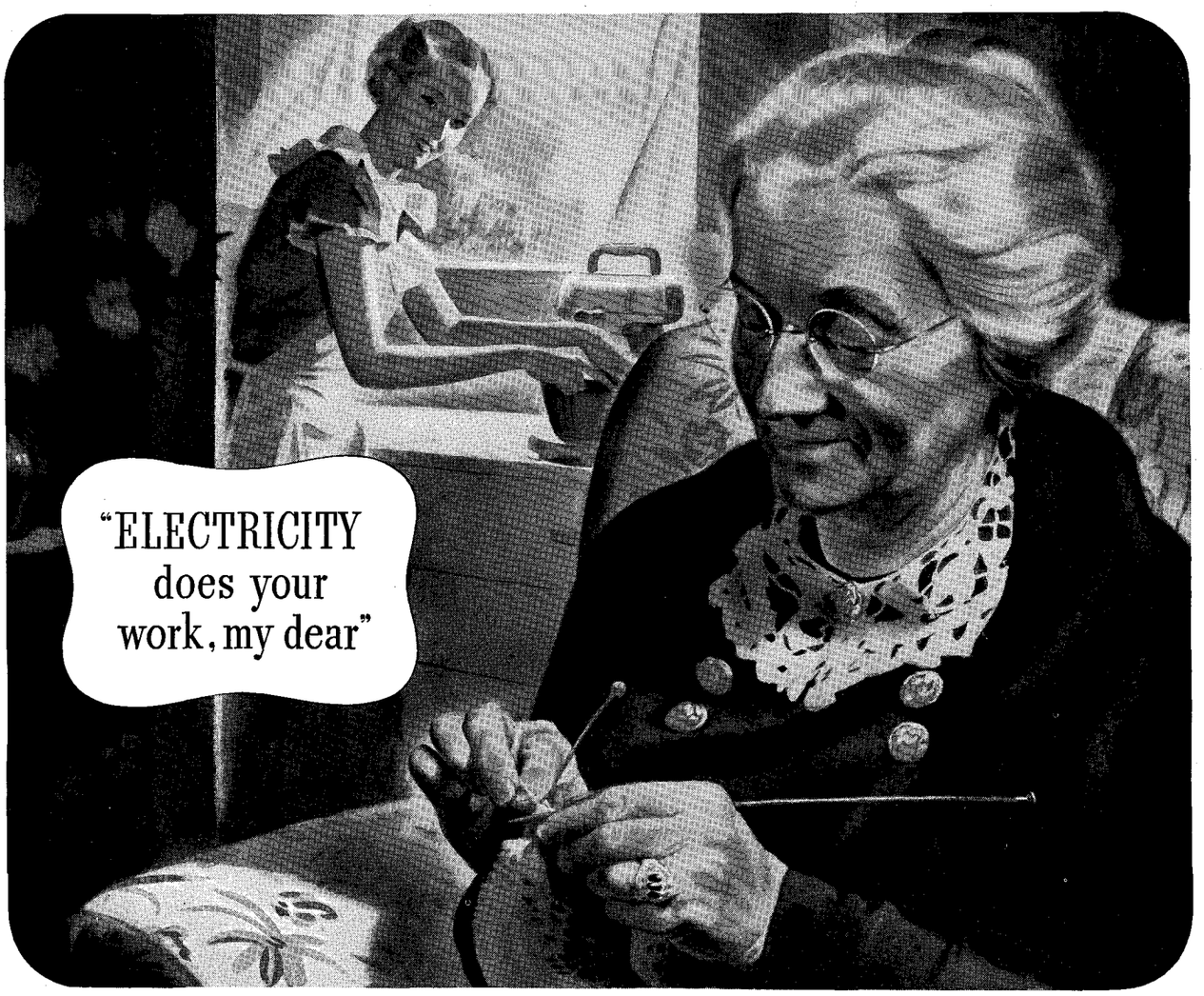

When granddaughter says she "does her own work," Grandma chuckles!

"CHILD, did you ever touch a smelly old kerosene lamp?" Grandma asks. "Every morning, I used to collect a dozen from all over the house, fill them and trim the wicks. The smoky glass chimneys had to be washed in hot suds, rinsed and polished. You make your rooms light as day by just snapping a switch.

"My home had coal stoves in 'most every room, with coal to carry and ashes to empty. With your automatic heat, there's no lifting and no dirt.

"Before I was your age, my back had been strained over a washboard. Washing's hardly work at all in that electric laundry of yours.

"Spring cleaning was always a nightmare. How your father hated taking up those heavy carpets and beating them! You can spring-clean in a few minutes once a week with your vacuum cleaner.

"Electricity does your work, my dear. You just boss the job!"

• • •

And the electricity which frees granddaughters from drudgery, and gives them leisure, light, radio and refrigeration, costs only about twenty cents a day, or less than a penny an hour.

Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity

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